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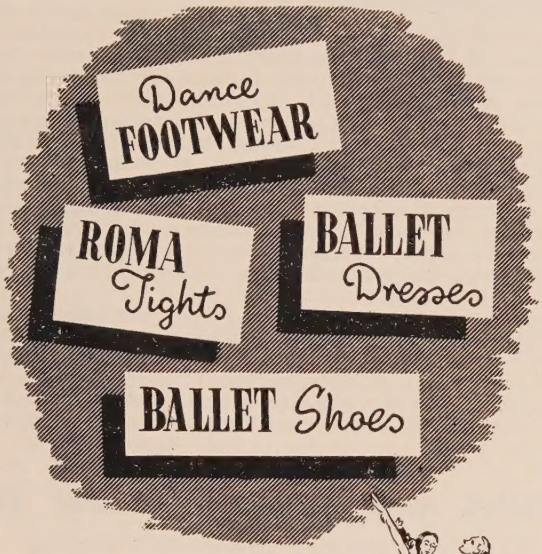

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September, 1951 Vol. 2. No. 9

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Foreign Editor:* DAVID RAHER

BALLET in creation is like a lady dressing for a ball—she may live in a grand establishment, she may own all the jewels of the world and perfumes of Arabia, she may be dressed by Dior, her beauty may be such that men commit all manner of crime to win her favours. All these gifts, endowed by God and man, may be hers; but if she does not know, or has not been advised, how to use them properly then she will remain *au fond*—a trollop. No use to pile on a tiara of emeralds, a parure of diamonds, and hang herself around with ruby bracelets and pendants; the result will merely look like a Christmas tree in a 10 cent store.

This was something of the effect created by *Tiresias* when it was first given at a Gala in the presence of the Queen and Princess Elizabeth at Covent Garden on July 9. Constant Lambert had composed some music that at times was exceedingly fine ; Ashton had created some of the best choreographic moments of his career ; Mrs. Lambert had designed some colourful dresses. Every quality, you would imagine, for an outstanding success. Yet the total result was a monumental . . . (no, I won't use that word again)?

It would seem that the lady was not well advised; yet there must be somebody in the vast Sadler's Wells organisation who can see these things as a whole before a public exhibition is made. No use to blame Lambert or Ashton: they were too closely involved in the work to be able to take an objective view. Did nobody raise a voice in protest at a synopsis that, though fascinating in idea, was impossible for a ballet ? After any tiny protest had been shouted down, could nobody see that the work was at least twenty-five minutes too long ? Is there not anyone strong enough to cry " halt " before a spectacle that, when revealed in its entirety, was old-fashioned at a time when the Vic-Wells ballet was in its first flush of creation?

A few months ago I wrote in these pages a plaintive *cri de coeur* under the heading of " Man Wanted " ; I bewailed the fact that the ballet artistic director had completely passed from the scene. Had such a person taken a very firm hand with *Tiresias* before it appeared, how much bother and heartbreak would have been avoided! The critics cannot be blamed for the mass onslaught, for they were right in their fashion. The public cannot be blamed for their growing resentment at the large sums of money expended on these entertainments, for it all comes out of their pockets. One strong person with taste and a sense of the theatre could have put it all right and the fine work of Ashton and the Lamberts would have then been the subject for universal acclaim.

ON the day following the *Tiresias première*, one of London's leading evening journals gave the news that General Sir Frederick (" Boy ") Browning, Comptroller of Princess Elizabeth's household, had written the scenario for a ballet. This ballet on the Joan of Arc theme he had shown to Ninette de Valois who liked it and hoped to produce it. " Boy " Browning was then reported to have said : " They tell me any fool can write one."

He is, of course, perfectly right—any fool can and unfortunately quite a lot of fools do. The result of their folly can be seen in the many unsuitable and uninspired works that are around us.

The concoction (I use the word deliberately as it is more a question of this than actual writing) of a ballet story is full of complications. Firstly the story must be dancing—not just a narrative with incidental dances woven into it. Therefore, whoever concocts such a story must know everything there is to know about ballet, he must know whether an incident or situation can be danced ; which all points to the choreographer as being the most suitable person to devise dancing spectacles. The next difficulty comes with the music—either finding an existing score or getting a composer to fall in with a suggestion, a process that needs a lot of give-and-take all round. Most important of all is to get a story that is both theatrical and theatrically practical.

Hardly a week passes without stories arriving, at this office, from people who hope that I will pass them on to some Suitable Authority. At the same time some Suitable Authority is also receiving vast piles of these literary efforts. Frequently there is a germ of an idea but more often than not they are totally impossible from either the economic or practical point of view.

Perhaps it would be a good idea if people, before they embarked on these flights of fancy, sat down and made a list of the ballets in past fifty years that have had a really good story. Then out of their pitifully small list they might ask themselves exactly why these stories have been good. If they are honest with themselves they will admit that any fool cannot write a ballet nor, for that matter, can many intellectuals.

A

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by

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THE death of Colonel de Basil on July 28 did not come as a great shock for he had been a sick man for years. His physical and administrative powers of recovery had always been so remarkable that he seemed indestructable. But the end came quick and at a time when he was planning a new company.

Colonel de Basil.

The name de Basil will always be synonymous with ballet in the 'thirties. In fact if the Colonel were given a sub-title it would be The Bridge. His name is the link between Diaghilev and the present day.

When Rene Blum collected the remnants of the Diaghilev company together with a lot of new blood in 1932, he was joined by this ex-officer in the Russian Army as co-director. On July 4, 1933, Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo opened its first season at the Alhambra, London. The season scheduled to last a few weeks, continued for several months. Ballet was back and from then until the present day, its popularity has increased. Shortly after the first season, Blum retired and the company was under the sole direction of the Colonel. The first years were not particularly inspired and were mainly memorable for the new works of Balanchine and the Symphonic period of Massine together with the rise of the *baby ballerinas*—Toumanova, Baronova, and Riabouchinska. However by 1935 the company matured and from then until 1939 it brought some of the best ballet of the century to all parts of the world. The present generation of ballet-goer only knows the company that appeared at Covent Garden after the war and that sorry season could not in any way be compared to the pre-war seasons.

Although the Colonel lacked the taste of Diaghilev, he was a very astute business man; owing to this more than anything else he collected a repertoire that, to put it mildly, was fabulous. He was an extremely kind man and helped many dancers out of difficulties. He was lucky to appear on the scene when so many dancers were out of work; he was lucky to have Diaghilev's regisseur, Serge Grigorieff, to mount the works that were the bed-rock of his repertoire. But all these assets would have gone for nought if he had not had great foresight and infinite courage and patience. There is not the slightest doubt that but for him, ballet would never be the popular art it is today.

IT is a depressing job in these days to have to ask people for more money when even to breathe seems to empty our pockets. We have held on as long as possible to keep the price of DANCE AND DANCERS to the original shilling but now we are forced to fall into line with every one else and raise the price to one shilling and sixpence. However there are compensations as the paper is of much better quality and will do more justice to the many photographs. Anton Dolin will write a new kind of monthly feature in which he will talk about his impressions of the dance, and those who dance, both past and present. A world famous guest critic will write each month on a subject he particularly wants to get off his chest. David Raher has gone specially to America to report on ballet in that continent. All the most popular regular features will be retained and new ones added.

Cover Stories

This month's front cover, by Duncan Melvin, shows Alicia Markova and John Gilpin in the Blue Bird *pas de deux* for the last act of *the Sleeping Beauty*.

Biographical details of Markova's life will be found in the April issue last year; of John Gilpin in the January issue of this year as well as on page nine of this issue.

The back cover shows Donald Britton of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, in *pas de trois* from the first act of *Lac des Cygnes*.

Born in London on August 17, 1929, he lived most of his early life in Bristol. First studied dancing at the Maddocks School in that city. Won scholarship to Sadler's Wells School in 1944. First appeared in the ballet from *The Bartered Bride*. Joined Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in 1946 and took principal roles in *Assembly Ball*, *Fete Etrange*, *Mardi Gras*, and *Carnaval*. Went to Covent Garden at the end of 1947 as a soloist. There, his principal achievement was as the Bluebird in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Went into the R.A.F. 1949. Returned to Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in May of this year. (*Photo: Denis de Marney*)

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Photo: Duncan Melvin

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Silver Jubilee under Mercury

by JOHN PERCIVAL

For twenty-five years Marie Rambert has directed the small company that has been responsible for the most creative work in English ballet. For seventeen of those years she and her playwright husband, Ashley Dukes, received no subsidy or grant to help them in the pioneer work they were doing. Today they are still battling on without enough for them to afford the artists that are created in the company. In spite of this they are winning through and the next twenty-five years are certain to add another glorious page to the history of ballet in this country.

Marie Rambert as the Madonna in Susan Salaman's Our Lady's Juggler (1930) *and, right, as she is today*

THE oldest established of British ballet companies celebrates this year its silver jubilee. More than three years before the death of Diaghilev, in the summer of 1926, Marie Rambert and the nineteen-year-old Frederick Ashton danced the leading roles in the latter's first ballet, *A Tragedy of Fashion*, in Nigel Playfair's revue *Riverside Nights* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. This occasion marks the birth of Ballet Rambert.

Further sporadic performances of new works took place until 1930, when two seasons at Hammersmith, and the founding of the Ballet Club with a permanent home at the Mercury, established the company on a regular basis. Its greatest distinction has been that nearly all English choreographers of repute were developed in its ranks. Ashton produced *Capriol Suite*, *Les Masques* and other works before leaving for the Wells. Tudor's *Dark Elegies*, *Jardin aux Lilas* and *Judgment of Paris*, all later revived by Ballet Theatre, were created for Ballet Rambert, as also were Gore's *Simple Symphony* and *Mr. Punch;* Howard's *Mermaid*, *Lady into Fox* and *Sailor's Return;* and Staff's *Peter and the Wolf*.

Markova was the company's first ballerina, and stars of the former Diaghilev ballet appeared as guest artists: Karsavina in revivals of Fokine's works, Tadeo Slavinsky in *Bluebird* and Woizikovsky in *Bluebird* and *Carnaval*. It is typical of Rambert's policy that all three danced also in newly created parts. Never content to rest upon past achievements, she is always concerned with present work and future plans, and it is to this, as well as to her amazing ability to recognise and develop talent in others, that the company owes its fame and unique position. That is why, although the list of dancers who have appeared for her in the past is long and impressive, her conversation (and she is a great talker) is usually about the youngsters now with her company. Similarly, although she lavishes upon the old ballets in her rich and varied repertory a scrupulous care in production, a regard both for atmosphere and for details of interpretation, making them survive the years with their freshness unimpaired, nevertheless she seems always far more passionately concerned with her new works. It is, I feel sure, in the present company that Madame Rambert is most interested in this jubilee year.

Margaret Hill is the leading dancer. Her first important role in London was Caroline in *Jardin aux Lilas*, the first ballet on the opening night when Rambert brought her dancers back to the Mercury for a season after their tour of Australia and New Zealand. Her dancing of this role has improved considerably since then, but already she showed the sensitivity and subtlety which are her chief assets as an artist, and was excellent in the crucial moment of immobility when Caroline must choose between her lover and her enforced fiancé, knowing full well that in fact she has no choice in the matter whatever. Her expressive face and body make Margaret Hill equally at home

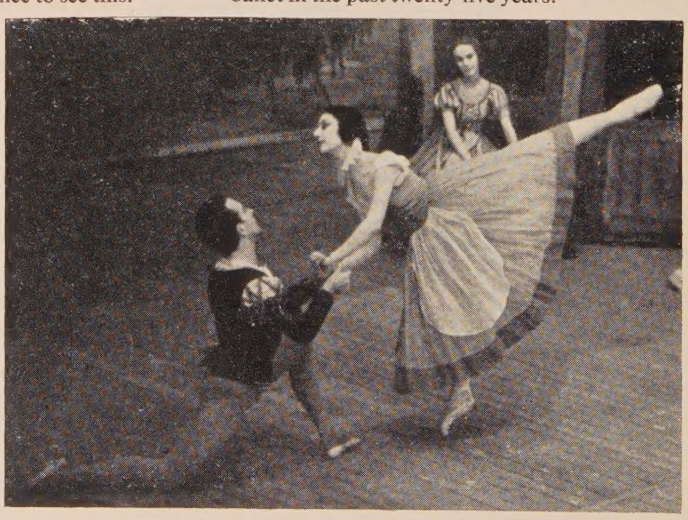
in tragedy or comedy, and she is at her best in modern works. Of her classical roles, I enjoyed most her Queen of the Wilis, well danced and suggesting not a conventional cold malice but a fiery and passionate urge for revenge. More recently, she has danced Giselle, but Londoners must still wait for a chance to see this.

Margaret Hill was developed entirely within the company, but David Paltenghi, *premier danseur* and choreographer, has had wide experience elsewhere. To his former ability in romantic parts he has added great skill as a comedian. He and Margaret Hill give delightfully amusing performances in the "Italian" *pas de deux* in *Gala Performance* and as Hunters in *Peter and the Wolf*, ridiculous to a degree, but never carrying exaggeration too far. Paltenghi also dances as Valentin the Waiter, in *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*, with liveliness and humour. One of the company's soloists, Margaret Pollen, now gives a particularly touching and delicate performance of La Fille.

Then there are Mary Munro, a dancer with a simple and unaffected manner who only needs to develop more personality to become really good, and her husband Cecil Bates, a useful all-round dancer who has given good performances in the *Lac pas-de-trois* and in *Les Sylphides*. Beryl Goldwyn shows at times great promise, especially in the leading role in *Simple Symphony*, and Josephine Spaull dances with unusual gaiety in Gore's *Kaleidoscope*. In this ballet, too, Gore's original part is now taken by Derek Westlake, a boy who first attracted attention by his vigorous Bouffon in *Casse Noisette*. Gore created the role to display his own distinctive brand of grotesque dancing, his subtle timing and his remarkable droll wit. It is full of sudden twists and turns, with frequently a fascinating surprise effect, as when a variation seems to come to an end, and then unexpectedly starts again. Westlake dances this part with a buoyant humour that is a joy to see.

Another promising boy in the present company is Ronald Hynd, tall and elegant, who uses his long legs to good effect in elevation, and should one day be an outstanding classical dancer.

It is on these young dancers that the future of Ballet Rambert depends. To the repertory in which they perform, at least three ballets are being added this year, all with choreography by Paltenghi, who, like Cranko at the Wells is being given the chance to prove his worth by creating a number of ballets in a short time. And for the future of the company, Marie Rambert doubtless already has her own plans; plans which will continue to reveal the individual taste and initiative of this perpetually youthful woman, with her unsurpassed love of the dance, who has done so much for English ballet in the past twenty-five years.



Cecil Bates and Beryl Goldwyn, two of the principal dancers in the company today, in the peasant pas de deux *from Giselle, Act I*
(*Photo: Chris. Hunter*)

I danced my first major role in Monte Carlo. As Daphnis in Fokine's Daphnis and Chloe *I made a successful debut, but it was the third performance I shall never forget"*
(*Photo: Numa Blanc*)

Where great ballets were created

July 16

I AM off to Monte Carlo a place where great ballets were created, and after to Venice the place where a great man died.

They are hackneyed phrases "deserving a holiday" or "having earned a rest", but the past nine weeks have been exhausting. What with directing a company, dancing myself, making mistakes, reading and having to listen to so much twaddle that is bandied around about ballet, I ought I suppose to have chosen any places other than these two and tried to forget that it was as long ago as 1924 that I first knew them.

Here I am, in what only seems but a few moments, far from the turmoil of London. The Monte Carlo Opera House is closed, housing in all its stillness many memories. Some sad, some exciting, but all surrounded by the shadow, the ghostly shadow, of Serge de Diaghileff.

I can see him passing through the doors of the Hotel de Paris; the large frame of his body upon which sat his fine but too big head, his cane in his right hand, grey spats over his button boots, the aristocratic cultured gentleman off to work. He composed no music, painted no scenery, designed no costumes, choreographed no ballets, yet it is the heritage of all his work that is still the foundation of ballet in both Europe and America.

How still, quiet and deserted the theatre is. I am on the stage yet there in front of me I can still see the great man sitting hour after hour patiently calling out his instructions for he is lighting a ballet. To create one small but important effect he would spend an hour. His command, his wishes were always respected for one instinctively knew he was right.

I can hear him saying once more to me, it was during a rehearsal of *Petrouchka:* "You know it was only after several scandals and two weeks of argument and persuasion that Fokine condescended to choreograph this masterpiece. His answer was that Stravinsky's score was not music but cacophony and that he would not debase his art for these barbaric ideas. Today it is not new, tomorrow it may be called old-fashioned."

It was on this stage that I danced my first leading part with the Diaghileff Ballet in *Daphnis and Chloe.* How nervous I was! So much faith had been placed in me I did not dare think of failure. I only know that love of the work and the people with whom I was surrounded all helped to give me courage to dance that evening before an audience who had come to criticise, not to admire. My debut passed off successfully and justified, I hope, the faith that had been placed in me. But it was in the third performance of *Daphnis and Chloe* when I forgot my solo that remains in my memory.

Diaghileff had invited some of the Press and one or two important writers from Paris to witness the dancing of his new discovery.

I can scarcely find words to describe the scene he made as he came on the stage after the performance. In front of everyone he stormed and shouted until he was hoarse. The four minutes of sheer agony I suffered when, passing Sokolova who was sitting on the stage admiring the ballet, I whispered, "My God, what do I do next? I've forgotten the dance," to which she replied, "It's all right, duckie, go on, it's all right", was nothing to that tempest of words hurled at me for a solid fifteen minutes.

It was also on this stage that I first saw and danced *Le Lac des Cygnes.* Here Vera Trefilova executed the famous thirty-two *fouettés* not as an acrobatic feat but as a beautiful mechanism of the classical dance.

Here it was that Nijinsky first danced *Le Spectre de la Rose.* When I was dancing the same role in 1925, Enrico Cecchetti called to me and said, "Pas mal, mais travaillé, mon petit, travaillé". A few months ago I heard an audience applaud and acclaim the young Gilpin in this same ballet.

The rehearsal room is closed, the iron gate locked, but I have no need to enter. I know it well. Here was the workshop of the ballet. When Diaghileff entered we would all stand to attention until he seated himself and gave the sign for the class or rehearsal to continue. No ballet was ever allowed on the stage until his eye had scrutinised every detail. How many times were movements changed following his appearance at a rehearsal.

I wonder what the great man might have thought had he seen what I had seen just before leaving London. Would his ghost have thrown up his arms in desperation and cried, "What waste! What desecration I ask. And I was considered modern and *The House Party* (*Les Biches*) was called vulgar."

ANTON DOLIN'S PAGE

The first great English male dancer starts this series of an entirely new kind of feature. Each month he will write his impressions of ballet and ballet personalities both past and present.

Where a great man died

OFF now to Venice and shall arrive on July 27. I stayed two nights in Florence, on the way, to find Markova and bring her and show her for the first time this city of canals and unrivalled beauty.

What could have been better than my entry to the Grand Hotel to be handed several dozen cables, telegrams, and a big batch of letters. It made me feel important and my ego was well satisfied. I did not tell the concierge that July 27 was my birthday, so perhaps I was allowed this expression from some who did not forget. Many of the cards were from you, my readers in DANCE AND DANCERS, and I was exceedingly grateful for your kind thoughts.

It was to Venice that Diaghileff came each year for his rest. Having created beauty and excitement for some eight to ten months of the year, it was here he retreated to gaze upon the splendour, to caress with ardour and affection the breath of the city. The Piazza San Marco was his theatre, the dream theatre of all his artistic life. I would give much to hear his voice again, describing in detail but without the boredom of the professional guide, the beauty of this church, the history of that work of art, the importance of some particular piazza—vast knowledgeable stories that one would never hear again from his lips.

It was this month, on August 19, 1929, to be exact that Serge de Diaghileff gazed for the last time on his beloved Venice. I remember I was making the film *Dark Red Roses* in London with Lydia Lopokova and George Balanchine at the time.

Twenty-two years have passed, during that time ballet has become a household word. The Sadler's Wells *Sleeping Beauty* recently conquered America; how few today realise or remember that it was in 1921 when London first saw Diaghileff's magnificent production. His heritage is carried on and through him a new world conquered. I shall lay a wreath upon his grave, in the cemetery of Saint Michele, on behalf of so many who do not care always to remember.

"*Myself between Diaghileff* (*left*) *and Edwin Evans in Monte Carlo,* 1925. *The latter was then critic on the* Daily Mail, *the position now held by your editor—Peter Williams*

Guest Critic — A. V. COTON

This month we start a series of monthly articles in which world famous critics are being asked to write on a subject about which they want to air their views. We start the series with A. V. Coton, the English critic on American *Dance News*. Previously he edited *Dance Chronicle*, was ballet critic on the *Sunday Times*, and has written two books, *Prejudice for Ballet* and *The New Ballet*. Next month we hope to have a contribution from a famous American critic.

Think of a date

IF we count the earliest efforts of the pioneers as a start we can reckon that English Ballet is now a quarter of a century old; even if we calculate from the more solid achievements of the founding of both the Vic-Wells and the Rambert companies, we can look back on twenty years full activity. Everything that led up to that extraordinary outburst of ballet had sprung from the world-wide revival of ballet which happened because of Diaghilev's fantastic career as organiser and impressario.

Already it seems to me, there is a widespread tendency to look upon the growth of English ballet in our time as something that "just happened" whereas all the magnificent creative work, the near-misses, and the thoroughly tasteless things that are parts of the picture, can only be understood if we relate them to the previous events of the period 1900-1930. And this view of what has taken place inside our century will be incomplete unless we try to find the connecting links which stretch right back through the 19th, the 18th . . . and all the previous centuries since theatre dancing began.

It is an unfortunate human lack that practically none of us (outside a handful of carefully trained specialists) have any sense of history. We tend to think of the past in "periods"—The Dark Ages, The Renaissance, The Elizabethan Period, The Romantic Era and so on—and our mental picture of what any one of these periods looked like is bound to contain far more error than fact. The only facts are dates, as the historian Trevelyan has pointed out: "periods" are merely retrospective conceptions. A true impression—or as nearly truly as we can arrive at—of any past stretch of history can probably be fairly accurately built-up if we study the *whole* sequence of events, year by year, in that field of activity that interests us, whether it be political events, military activity, scientific discovery, or the growth of an art movement.

Significant years

Most of us are aware of the half-dozen significant dates in the history of Ballet, 1588, 1661, 1760, 1841, 1909; but when we try to visualise the circumstances existing when Arbeau published the *Orchesography* (1588) or when the Romantic Ballet reached its zenith (1841), do we take into account everything happening at that time which was influencing each particular event?

We know that Arbeau was an old man of seventy, recollecting in tranquility the dance fashions of his youth and early manhood while he was writing his treatise in the late 16th century. How much can we, at this distance, see of the details of life in Renaissance France which can give us a complete appreciation of what Arbeau really had in mind when writing that book? And how much of the detail of how dancers were trained, what they received for their work, etc., do we bring into mind when we ponder on the great ballet event of 1841—the creation of *Giselle?*

It is one of the oddities of the science of balletography—which is the recording of every fact in the history of dancing—that the great number of those facts about any past period are lost; or are still awaiting discovery in musty old libraries and archives. Considering the importance that the Romantic idea has had on the growth of ballet for nearly one hundred and fifty years there is very little detailed published information about *all* the ballets, ballet-schools, ballet-dancers; about tastes in music, decor and theme; about the cross-influence of literature, drama, orchestral music, painting, and so on—which have all this time been influencing the Romantic kind of Ballet, which is even now in 1951 the widest known and most popular type.

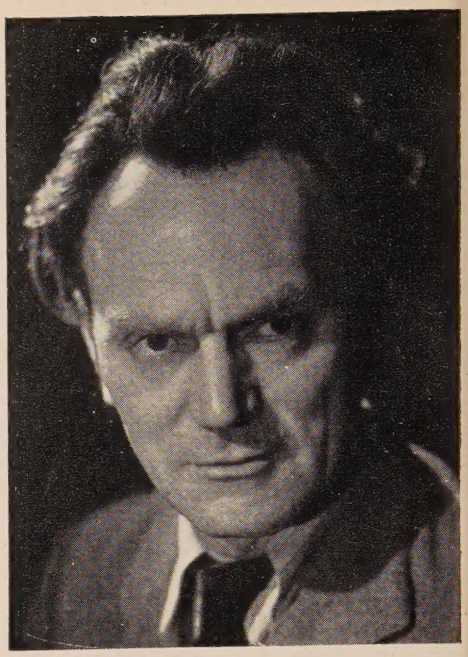
Phoenixes out of decay

We accept the fact—yet in itself it is one of the social marvels of the past fifty years—that all forms of dance in the theatre have attained a popularity such as was never before known; we can surely only understand how much we can gain, how much deep pleasure we can draw, how much aesthetic satisfaction we can drink in from ballet, if we try to develop a sense of the continuity of the art. Only that way can we trace the connections, see the power of differing influences, give due credit for the creative work that goes on year in and year out. If we choose to develop this sense of the dance-history of our own times we must begin by relating the events of this past half-century to what happened in the nineteenth century.

The decay of ballet throughout all Europe, and even inside Russia, after about 1855, was the consequence of many factors on the background and atmosphere of ballet-making. Of all the great academic centres only three maintained a high standard of dance-tuition, planning and presenting of ballets—Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Copenhagen; though as between Russia and Denmark there were very differing sets of reasons why some people troubled to keep up a standard of quality. But it was because even this highly-organised system of dancing and dance-training had, throughout most of Europe, come to decay that there was occasion and place for the revolution started by the work of Loie Fuller and Isadora Duncan; this revolt was additionally important because it helped to stimulate, besides the whole idea of Modern Dance, the idea of bringing back common-sense to the making of ballets—which was exactly what Fokine and Diaghileff and their colleagues did in the early 1900's. What they continued to do from 1909 to 1929 was of such originality, such artistic integrity, such brilliance of the imagination, that their company of dancers showed the art of ballet elevated into a fresh dimension. What has happened everywhere that ballet has had a revival in the past forty years has been directly created, or organised, or guided, by persons who at some time were a part of the Diaghileff scheme of events between 1909 and 1929.

Ideas or economy for survival?

This fact alone should dispel any notion that the splendours—and the idiocies—which happen under the name of English Ballet are things which grew out of thin air. Whatever happens when a fresh ballet is made by any



A. V. Coton (*Photo: Baron*)

English company is, to some extent a continuation of some idea started with Fokine, Massine, or Petipa, or Perrot or perhaps even Noverre. Which brings us to the point of midsummer 1951—a time when suddenly a number of people were beginning to think that all is not as it should be with ballet in England. What particular faults are now being discovered seem to me an integrated part of the whole system of ballet as we have known it in this country for twenty years past. It may be that we are approaching the point at which our society has reached a surfeit of ballet and, consequently, the only company that can survive is one which is constantly expressing new ideas, making fresh experiments, and doing things for Ballet with the daring and skill that Diaghileff employed during his regime. It equally may be that the financial factor is going to compel all companies to cut their costs in order to keep in existence—in which case again, only the companies brimful of vitality and run by brilliant directors can hope to survive.

Exhausted stimulus

On the other hand may it not be possible that the supposed dullness, poor quality of ballets, unadventurous music, decor and themes that are complained of is evidence of the wearing-out of one generation of leaders before a number of suitable disciples ready to carry on the work has been produced from the system? Looked at through a wider perspective may it not further be possible that the rapid growth of ballet here since 1931 is a consequence of the Diaghileff stimulus—and that stimulus is now exhausted before some equally powerful motive power has been generated in some obscure corner of the Ballet world?

From an even wider point of view it is possible to survey all our achievement since 1931 in comparison with what happened to ballet in Europe after the French revolution; in which case we may console ourselves with the thought that for one period of exactly fifty years ballet nearly everywhere was lacking in ideas or top-class leaders—yet as an academic and as a theatrical system, it managed to survive until it was revitalised by the Russian

(*continued on page eleven*)

Rabbit-catcher to Rose

by CLIVE BARNES

One of the great features of the recent Festival Ballet season at the Stoll Theatre was the very noticeable rise of John Gilpin. Is this merely a flash in the pan or is he really to become one of the most important English male dancers of tomorrow?

I SUPPOSE the first time I ever saw John Gilpin on the stage was when he was acting in a play by Daphne du Maurier, *The Years Between*. However he could not have made much impression on me as I have entirely forgotten his performance. Rather less than a year later (in 1946) I first saw him dance with Ballet Rambert. His debut as a dancer was far more auspicious and few people had any doubts about him being one of the best male prospects to appear in English ballet for years. If there has ever been such a thing as a sixteen-year old baby *ballerino*, Gilpin was just that. Not only did he have, one might almost say in embryo, those qualities which distinguish him today, five years later, but he also possessed from the start that rare quality, in the words of the tailor's advertisement, more easily recognised than described, of being a "star".

RAMBERT POLISH

The two or three years he danced with Rambert were of the utmost importance to him. Rambert's greatest gift as a teacher, seems to be the way she can teach a young dancer how to present himself on stage. She can give him polish, style and bring out his individuality. While he was with Rambert he danced an astonishing variety of roles, ranging from Jack Ketch in Gore's *Mr. Punch* to the *Swan Lake—Pas de Trois*. Possibly his best roles were the *Giselle Act One—Peasant Pas de Deux*, where his easy flowing dancing compensated for his technical deficiencies, and his creation of the Rabbit-catcher in Howard's *The Sailor's Return*, a very good comedy character study. He left Rambert after the Australian tour and joined, in 1949, Petit's Ballets de Paris.

FRENCH INTERLUDE

With the French company he was used principally as a character dancer. He created King Nougat in Ashton's ill-fated flirtation with surrealism, *Le Rêve de Léonor*, and inherited a number of parts from Teddy Rodolphe, who had just left the company, in which he substituted urchin charm for Rodolphe's rough acrobatics. The best thing I saw him do for Petit was an extremely good portrayal of the King of the Dandies in the company's truncated version of *Le Beau Danube*. After Petit's Paris season he left and returned to England. He then once more went to France and joined the de Cuevas company as a soloist, and apparently danced many leading roles in that company's repertory.

HOME AGAIN

Last year he joined the newly-formed Festival Ballet as second dancer to Dolin. Although he has only been with that company for about a year and during that time has had an awe-inspiring weight of responsibility thrust upon him he has already started effortlessly to fulfill the remarkable promise he showed in his early youth. Partnering dancers like Danilova, Markova and Riabouchinska—all established as ballerinas while he was still playing on the floor of his nursery—seems to have given him a surprising maturity, some way in advance of his years. His name is certainly not yet on the Elysian roll of great dancers, possibly it never will be, but few dancers have started to put forward their claims to greatness so young.

What are these claims? Is he really anything more than a pretty-faced boy with a goodish technique (occasionally flashy, often untidy), and incredible luck? Is he anything more than a flash in the pan, a passing fancy of the gallery's idolatry? Yes, I am certain he is. I think he is one of the most promising dancers to appear in London for many years and I believe he has the stuff of greatness in him.

EXPRESSIVE BODY

Like most young dancers he has not got a very expressive face, and it is possibly through this very deficiency that his greatest asset arises. His body is one of the most expressive I have ever seen. In *Capriccioso* it radiates jaunty happiness, while in *Le Spectre de la Rose* it is full of sensous abandon. Watch his Albrecht during Giselle's mad scene, his drooping shoulders and back are here as eloquent as the faces of many dancers; note his entrance in the Second Act of this ballet, an entrance completely expressive of chagrin and humility. In all his roles, well or badly danced, his body automatically adopts poses and positions appropriate to the character he is portraying. It is this that accounts for his range and versatility, and is the result, I fancy, not of any conscious artistry, but is rather the artlessness of the natural dancer. I have seen him give many performances, not a few of them bad, but I have never seen him make a movement or gesture that was inappropriate. His faults, and this point is vital in any consideration of his future, are nearly all those of execution, which time should mend; rarely those of conception or interpretation.

LINE AND STYLE

This is his main asset, but he has many others. Principal among these, and allied to the former, is the remarkable control he displays in his dancing. From these two springs his fine classical "line", and from all of these qualities, his promising classical style. He is loose-limbed, a merit which not only enables him to execute movements like the *penché arabesque* when he stands behind the Young Girl's chair in *Spectre*, but also enables him to appear in grotesque character roles, which unfortunately he has not been given since joining Festival Ballet. Also he is light. A male dancer need not be like the proverbial thistledown, but neither should he be like the also proverbial elephant. He is fast. A useful turn of speed and a well-controlled fast execution of steps combine with his vigorous attack to produce a fine effect of virtuosity, which he does not really possess. His dancing has flow and fluency, and he can phrase choreography naturally. Under Dolin's careful tuition his partnering is becoming exceptional, and he is also learning self-effacement.

OVERFLAMBOYANT?

He still has many faults. His technique, not yet good enough for him to forget about it, is also very uneven. A variation he can dance well one night is only indifferently performed the next. Moreover his dancing is not consistent within a role (one brief passage in *Giselle Act II*, I have seen him dance better than anyone, even Youskevitch, but the rest of his dancing was merely very acceptable) and sometimes it is not even consistent within a variation (his Bluebird is a good example of this.)

Gilpin as the Rabbit-catcher in Andrée Howard's Sailor's Return. *One of the first roles ever created for him* (*Photo: Baron*)

He must be careful not to be too flamboyant, not to give his adoring public that extra flourish he thinks they want, and he must realise that reticence is a virtue as well as magnificence. He must also guard against his dancing becoming effeminate. Although frequently brilliant he is a very soft dancer; this softness can degenerate, though of course it need not, into an emasculated style. Dolin's dancing, which has always been masculine, can provide a good example for him here.

CHOREOGRAPHER NEEDED

His greatest needs are to come under the influence of a really good choreographer, who could bring out powers still latent in him, and the opportunity to dance in a greater range of roles than that at the moment offered to him by his present company.

His rise to the top of his profession has been phenomenally fast. He has never danced in a *corps de ballet*, and he has had remarkably little opposition and few rivals in any of his companies. In all this he stands in complete contrast with the boys at the top of the Wells companies. Gilpin's progress has distinct advantages for his future development, but it could also have made him over-conceited and self-satisfied. If it has then he has already gone as far as he is going. It is a very comfortable position to be in, but his name will not cause much of a stir when mentioned fifty years hence. But if he works hard and his luck holds out, he stands an equal chance with Alexander Grant of being the outstanding English male dancer of the next decade or so. And then we could all join in William Cowper's pious and prophetic wish

Now let us sing long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he.

Madame Nicolaeva Legat between Anna Roje, and Oscar Harmos (*Photo: Kamalakar*)

So, you want to dance

by ANTHONY COWPER

1. THE LEGAT SCHOOL, Tunbridge Wells, Kent

Thousands of girls and dozens of boys, and I am speaking from observation rather than statistics, are to-day learning to dance. Some of them will end up in the glare of publicity at Covent Garden, others will dance in the more subdued lighting at the Windmill: at the moment all of them are student dancers, working, trying, hoping.

How does one learn to dance? Obviously one needs a teacher and obviously the selection of that teacher is of lasting importance. Frequently we on DANCE AND DANCERS get requests to recommend a teacher, or give advice on the future career of little Jane or Tommy. This except in the most general terms, we cannot do. However, these letters have prompted us to start, in the hope that they might be interesting or even valuable, a series of articles introducing not only some, although by no means all, of the best-known teachers and schools in the country, but also indicating the scope and variety of dance-tuition available.

SOME schools only teach ballet, others include "musical comedy" and tap dancing in their syllabus, some include, or concentrate on, the modern dance, others specialise in Spanish dancing, while some schools only include dancing as part of a course embracing all stage studies. All these various dance schools can be classified under three main headings, not by what they do but by how they do it. There are the boarding schools which are the same as any other boarding schools in the country, except that dancing naturally takes up a large part of the syllabus; there are the day schools, which do not normally offer a general education and are attended, as might be a music teacher, by part-time students; and finally there are the studios, always centred round the classes of a famous teacher and with a *clientele* which often changes from day to day. These last are principally for the trained and professional dancer.

It should be noted that some schools are attached or semi-officially affiliated to ballet companies, others are independent. So much for the introduction, but it should perhaps be pointed out that this series aims not at criticising schools and teachers but presenting them and for the purposes of these articles all schools are considered equal. Readers may like to be reminded of George Orwell's classic phrase that, "some are more equal than others."

RUSSIA TO KENT

Legat is a name that deserves well of the ballet historians. Nicholas Legat is as important to the Russian style of dancing as is Cecchetti to the Italian (the difference between these two schools are discussed by de Valois in *Invitation to the Ballet*, and were also the subject of an article in DANCE AND DANCERS, February, 1951). Without entering the arena of ballet politics or casting a vote for either the Russian, Italian or de Valois' new "English" school—after all there are only two types of dancers in the world, the good and the bad—it may be said that the Legat system represents the best and purest Russian teaching. The line of succession from the French and Scandinavian schools to the Russian is unbroken, from Noverre, through Vestris, the Bournonvilles (father and son) and Johannsen to the late Nicholas Legat, and from him to his wife Nadine Nicolaeva-Legat.

One should perhaps always regard photographs of schools which are featured in advertisements with a pinch of salt. Impressive mansions on paper are only too frequently reduced to the dimensions of maisonettes in the flesh not so the Legat School. It really is an impressive building set in lovely grounds. This, the "first boarding school of its type in the country"—another publicity boast that is accurate, houses some ninety pupils of which ten are boys. Their ages range from six to eighteen. They are given a good general education up to School Certificate standard, but the syllabus is centred upon music and, of course, ballet.

FRIENDLINESS AND EFFICIENCY

Visiting the school one's first impression is of friendliness. After meeting the staff I immediately felt that it could not fail to be a happy school. Madame Nicolaeva-Legat is vital and shrewd, patrician but not frightening. She is younger than I expected; I had forgotten she was over twenty years her husband's junior. I liked her personally, and I liked her natural air of dedication to her work.

The school is efficiently run. Large, airy dormitories (about four or five girls to a room usually, never more than a dozen), pleasant class-rooms, plenty of washing facilities, a bright and empty sick-bay and clean, modern kitchens. Informality but also discipline reigns here. All the students wear a uniform dress (based on that once worn by students in the Imperial Russian ballet schools) and are well-behaved. They seem unusually happy. As a school, and at times during my visit I must confess I felt rather like Gogol's Government Inspector, I would give this full marks.

YOGA REPLACES GAMES

Before discussing them as a ballet school perhaps a short digression on Yoga would be appropriate. Yoga is taught, or rather practised, at the Legat School, but this teaching has so caught the public imagination, owing to the efforts of the popular press, that there must be those who associate the Legat School almost as much with the Indian rope trick as with ballet. This is a misconception. Yoga takes that place in the syllabus which in an ordinary school would be taken by organised games. It is no more important than is eurythmics in many other dance schools. Madame Legat considers it develops both mind and body, and calls into play muscles not normally used by dancers in a ballet class.

I did not see Madame Legat take a class (it was the end of term and medical inspections and rehearsals for their garden party were proceeding around us) but I heard her theorise—it sounded good sense—and she showed me many of her dancers. Among other things I saw two youngsters (the girl was only thirteen) give a very passable performance of the *Black Swan* pas de deux, and a girl of eleven dance the *Sylphides* pas de deux with a boy who had only been training for nine months. One was struck by the soft quality of all the dancers, the extended line and high, loose-limbed *developé*, and most particularly by their way of smiling without baring their teeth in a grin. The boys were also strong partners. The standard of Russian and Hungarian character dancing seemed extremely high, with much more precision and infinitely more verve than is unhappily only too usual in this country. Great praise for this is not only due to Madame Legat herself, but also to her fellow teacher Valentin Prorwitsch and to the two Yugoslavs, who have taught as guest teachers at the school, Anna Roje and Oscar Harmos.

Ballets are produced by the school, all the costumes being made in their own workrooms, and performances are given locally. One of the girls shows a remarkable talent for designing. The students are given classes in make-up and general stage-craft. It can be seen that the emphasis is not in teaching teachers to teach others (a common object in some schools) but in producing stage artists. This side of the School's work will be greatly assisted when they have built the new wing, already planned, which will consist of a studio (which can be converted into an auditorium) a small, fully-equipped stage, dressing-rooms and all the paraphernalia of a small theatre. This expansion is indicative of a general expansion of the

(*continued on page twenty-one*)

Kathryn Beetham, aged 13, *and Colin Jones in the* pas de deux *from* Le Lac des Cygnes. *Both are pupils of the Legat School.* (*Photo: Kamalakar*)

Full circle at last

If any further proof were needed of the part played by music in ballet, we have had it brought more than usually strongly to our notice in *Tiresias*, which is to my mind the finest work of its type to have emerged in the last forty years.

THE essence of ballet is its composite nature. That does not mean merely the juxtaposition of its components. Ruling out for the moment the part played by *décor*, it does not mean just putting two and two together and making four. What it does mean is putting two and two together and making something greater—five, or ten, or a thousand.

The making of a ballet is the making of a new work of art. In spite of the few accidental successes—successes which lie more in the sphere of ballet as entertainment than in ballet as an art-form—the choreographer who sets out to make a ballet to an existing score starts off with a disadvantage.

First of all he has to find out what the music he has chosen means : far too often he chooses it because of what it means to him personally rather than what its composer intended it to mean. And as very few choreographers today happen to be also musicians, the result nearly always makes musicians laugh—when it doesn't make them weep.

In a ballet, music and dancing must grow together, side by side and inextricably entwined as they grow, from a common source. Each must be the complement of the other. Only when that happens do we get real ballet as a new creation. When it does not happen we merely have " dancing to music," or " accompaniment to dancing " ; and neither of these definitions can be applied to ballet.

In the last couple of years I have seen a number of new ballets by Frederick Ashton. In almost every case, looking through files of DANCE AND DANCERS, I find that I have been obliged to criticise them on the ground of lack of real association between music and choreography. I find, too, that the same criticism holds good of other Ashton works which have been outside the scope of my reviews.

If the Ashton ballets have been consistent in this respect, my musical response to them has been equally consistent. In practically every case within my experience, the choreographer has been working to existing music, or an arrangement of existing music. And almost invariably the result has been, to my mind, about as compatible as that between chalk and cheese—or, as I had need to say about the opera-ballet mixture in *The Tales of Hoffmann*, oil and water : maybe good oil and good water ; but they don't go together, nor do they make anything new or worthwhile as a result of their conjunction.

But *Tiresias* is a different kettle of fish. I do not know how close the collaboration was between Ashton and Lambert in actual fact : but what is quite obvious is the result of collaboration. Both composer and choreographer seem to have delved into the depths of the myth—for all the lovely Greek myths are simply allegorical trappings covering the outlines of profound psychological verities. And, so it seems to my eyes and to my ears, both have reached the same source, and have struck out from that source along identically shaped paths. Music and choreography have grown at the same pace, in the same form, in the same direction. The result is " full circle."

Ashton has played with music for a long time. If far too often it has slipped through his fingers and eluded his grasp, that is in the nature of music : no choreographer can bend it to his ways against its nature. But if he begins from its sources and aims at its ends it will be his friend, and the result will be ballet.

In *Tiresias* the intention of composer and of choreographer have been identical. What Lambert has encompassed in music, Ashton has captured in movement. Each, with the assistance of a fine *décor* whose merits do not come into this discussion, has merged his contribution into the common purpose. In face of a great idea, in submission to that idea, all worthwhile artists feel humility. And it is only from such submission and humility that understanding and art can grow.

Backward Glances 5

NO, this is not a photograph of a chorus from a musical comedy in the 'twenties but a recent photograph of the Empire Girls in the stage show *Rhythm Cavalcade*.

In one of the best routines for a precision tap chorus, the girls completely entered into the spirit of the Charleston era. Edward Noll devised a number that was remarkable for the way it gave the feeling of a period that will always be associated with shingle, beaded dresses, cloche hats, short skirts; a time when the world first went dance mad. (*Photo: Rimis*)

Music by EVAN SENIOR

Hobson scores again

BALLET Workshop, too, has had its successes recently in the creation of ballet to original scores. Harry Cordwell's oddly-named *Fantasm*, probably one of the most interesting experiments seen at this valuable experimental theatre, was made even more so by Michael Hobson's score for piano, harp and drums.

The music is apt for its purpose, and shows an unusual and original grasp of the uses of this combination. On the night I heard it the harpist missed some entries, but it was easy to see what the music intended to do, and that it achieved its object. I don't think that this score, as music, approaches the quality of Hobson's lovely trio score to *Sappho*, produced earlier in the season ; but it is alive and it moves smoothly, and gives evidence of more than promise.

New Records

Symphonic Variations (César Franck): Robert Casadesus and the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by George Weldon. Columbia, LX.8800-1 (three 12-in., 29*s.* 1½*d.*)

THIS work, one of music's minor masterpieces, comes into the realm of ballet only because of a ballet which has come to be associated with it in the minds of Sadler's Wells audiences.

This music is by no means a series of disconnected variations on a theme, as may appear at first sight. It is one of the most compact and satisfying of works, structurally and emotionally; and it has a delicacy and depth which can so easily be misunderstood and misinterpreted and indeed are lost more often than not, even by otherwise great artists.

This recording, which may be of interest to those who like the ballet, is far from being a satisfactory performance. Casadesus, who is a brilliant pianist, seems to treat it as a display piece for a virtuoso pianist against an orchestral background—which it certainly is not. The flesh is far more than willing, and the spirit has been weakened beyond recognition. The orchestra, too, is far from being at its best, and its entries are so often careless that it is impossible for any emotional response to be maintained for long.

However, it is a brilliant piece of technical recording, very clean, and nicely balanced.

A. V. COTON (*continued from page eight*) geniuses of the first years of our own century. The important lesson we can learn from a close study of any part of ballet's history is that nothing happens suddenly—that strong leadership can keep some form of Ballet alive no matter what the financial or organisational difficulties—and that Ballet has several times been strong enough to "go underground" and live through a period of supposed collapse. If the supposed short-comings of 1951 are as many and as serious as some people complain, it might well be if an attempt were made at analysing the cause of the sad state of affairs.

Let us think of a date, say 1951, then think of another perhaps 1789, 1819 or 1858 and study the history of all that was making Ballet popular or pretentious, successful or silly, in each of those years. By this means we could gain a sense of proportion about the English ballet of today.

If the art is headed for a period of quiescence nothing we can do now will stop it, for the factors have been at work ever since we founded our own ballet; if this is simply a slowing up, a winning of second wind, then that part of the process too will happen in its own good time. Meanwhile let us keep on watching all the ballet we can, for in addition to the immediate rewards we shall gain some knowledge—if we look closely enough—on how and why our ballet today comes to be as vital, or as decadent, as it is said to be.

FATE'S REVENGE

First given by Rambert Ballet at The Theatre Royal, Bath, on May 21, 1951. Choreography by David Paltenghi; music by Peter Tranchell, arranged and orchestrated by Geoffrey Corbett; décor by Ronald Ferns.

CAST

Ramrod ..	David Paltenghi	*Fate* ..	Margaret Pollen
Contention ..	Anne Horn	*Lady Whilmena Puff*	Margaret Hill
Lady Ratana	Beryl Goldwyn	*Lady Lofty*	Christine Hindmarch
Servant boy ..	Shirley Rees	*Military Gentleman*	Alex Bennett
Clerical Gentleman	Ronald Hynd	*Sporting Gentleman*	D. Westlake
Beau ..	Norman Dixon	*Notable Ladies*	Josephine Spaull, Pearl Gaden, Audrey Brookes, Gillian Martlew

(Left) Lady Whilmena Puff (Margaret Hill) is greeted at the ball by Ramrod (David Paltenghi). (Above) Notable Ladies at the ball are dancing with the Gentlemen *(Photos: Studio Irwin)*

In the prologue we see Ramrod, the Master of Ceremonies, being wooed by two Goddesses, Fate and Contention, but in his overwhelming vanity he disdains them. Fate will soon overtake him. Ramrod is then seen presiding at the Ball. He falls for the attractions of Lady Puff, whose greatest charms to him are her newly acquired riches. This causes scandal, and instigated by Fate and Contention the guests bring about Ramrod's downfall.

THIS work was specially commissioned for the Festival of Bath and it was necessary that the subject be about that city. Paltenghi has drawn his ballet from *The Rebellion of Bath* by Mr. Goosequill and it was, no doubt, most suitable for showing the behaviour of Bath at its height.

The ballet as it stands is pretty and has a certain amount of invention though Paltenghi has not completely realised the style of the period. The scene at the ball is very muddled and it all ends in a rather unseemly romp. The great feature of the work is that it enshrines a lovely character role for Margaret Hill as Lady Whilmena Puff. This is a rich full-blooded study of a *nouveau riche* city worthy. **P. W.**

FANTASM

First given by Ballet Workshop at The Mercury Theatre on July 8, 1951. Choreography, décor and costumes by Harry Cordwell. Music by Michael Hobson.

CAST

Gloriana .. .. Paula Hinton
The Man .. .. Harry Cordwell
The Girl .. .. Anita Landa
and Sheila Franklin, Diana Payne, Petrus Bosman, Jon Waks, Kenneth Sudell.

Tormented by doubts and anxiety, a woman endeavouring to resolve her conflicting emotions, brings upon herself greater sufferings to which she finally resigns herself.

This work is dealt with by Clive Barnes in *Dance and Dancers At Home* on page nineteen.

The photograph below shows, from left to right, Diana Payne, Kenneth Sudell, Paula Hinton, Jon Waks, Sheila Franklin and Petrus Bosman.

On the right the choreographer, Harry Cordwell, is seen making love to the young girl (Anita Landa). *(Photos: Churton Fairman)*

TIRESIAS

First given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Monday July 9, 1951. Ballet in three scenes by Constant Lambert. Music, Constant Lambert; Choreography, Frederick Ashton; Scenery and Costumes, Isabel Lambert.

Scene I
Crete

Tiresias	Michael Somes.
Neophyte	Margaret Dale.
Snakes	Pauline Clayden, Brian Shaw.
Athletes	Jill Gregory, Anne Heaton, Rowena Jackson, Fiorella Keane, Jane Shore, Valerie Taylor, Angela Walton, Dorothea Zaymes.
Warriors	Brian Ashbridge, William Barrett, Philip Chatfield, Desmond Doyle, Henry Legerton, Kenneth Macmillan, Ray Powell, Franklin White.
Priestesses	Diana Forhan, Anna Carne, Mary Drage, Jill Gregory, Catherine Boulton, Rowena Jackson, Fiorella Keane, June Lesley, Anya Linden, Lorna Mossford, Meriel Evans, Jane Shore, Joan Benesh, Wendy Winn, Angela Walton, Brenda Taylor.

Young girls in a gymnasium are attempting to somersault over the horns of a bull. The youthful Tiresias enters and displays his superior prowess. The young girls leave in mockery. Tiresias executes a dance of athletic triumph. He is joined by his warrior friends who pay him homage. Their dance is interrupted by a young Neophyte who tells him that the priestesses wish to give him a wand of honour. He accepts it with reluctance and is left alone. Two snakes enter. Tiresias strikes the female snake and is transformed into a woman.

Scene II
In the Mountains

Tiresias	Margot Fonteyn
Her Lover	John Field.
Shepherdesses	Christine du Boulay, Anne Heaton, Julia Farron, Rosemary Lindsay, Greta Hamby, Rosemary Valaire, Valerie Taylor, Dorothea Zaymes.
Shepherds	Peter Clegg, Kenneth Melville, Douglas Steuart, Gilbert Vernon.

Tiresias, now a woman, is discovered alone. She is joined by a group of shepherds and shepherdesses but the shepherds do not appeal to her. From behind a statue appears a stranger. They fall in love. The shepherds and shepherdesses celebrate the happiness of Tiresias and her lover. The Neophyte re-enters with the wand and the bacchanale is interrupted by the presence of two snakes. Tiresias strikes the male snake with her wand and is changed back to a man.

Margot Fonteyn as the female Tiresias finds love and happiness in the mountains with her lover, John Field (*Photo: Roger Wood*)

Scene III
A Palace

Zeus	Alfred Rodrigues.
Hera	Gerd Larsen.
Tiresias	Michael Somes.

Zeus, the God, and Hera, the Goddess are disputing the relative happiness of the two sexes each maintaining that the other is the happier of the two. Tiresias is called upon for a decision. He states firmly that he preferred life as a woman. Hera, furious at being contradicted, strikes him blind. Zeus as recompense gives Tiresias the gift of prophecy.

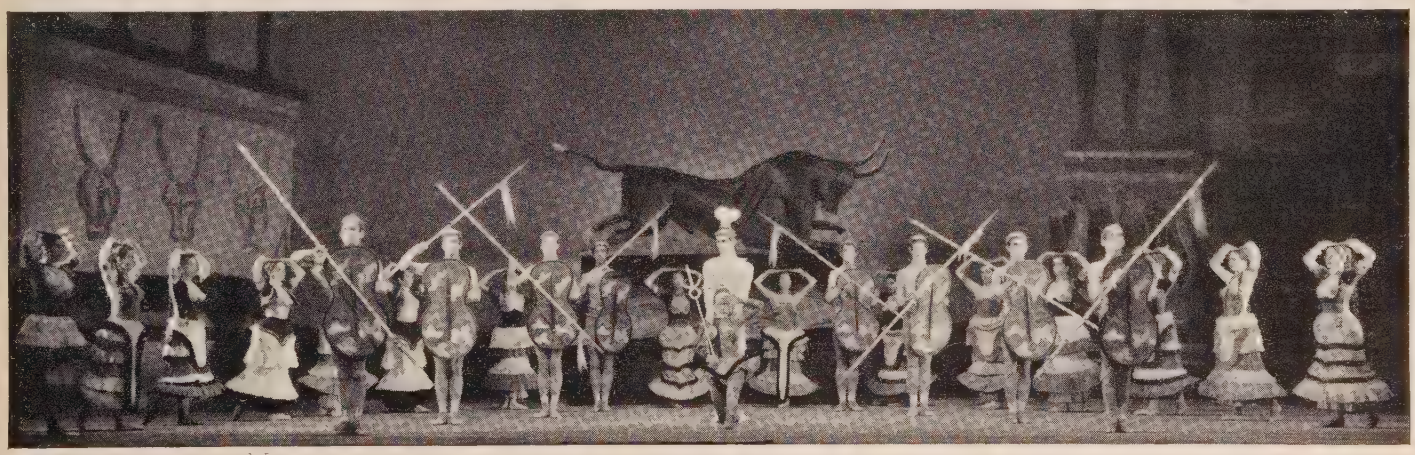
It will be seen that the opinions of the forum, which deals with different aspects of important new works, varies considerably. As each of the four wrote on his own subject in complete ignorance of what the other was saying, it must be considered a special feature of the ballet that no two people react in the same way, thus making it one of the most controversial works for years.

CHOREOGRAPHY

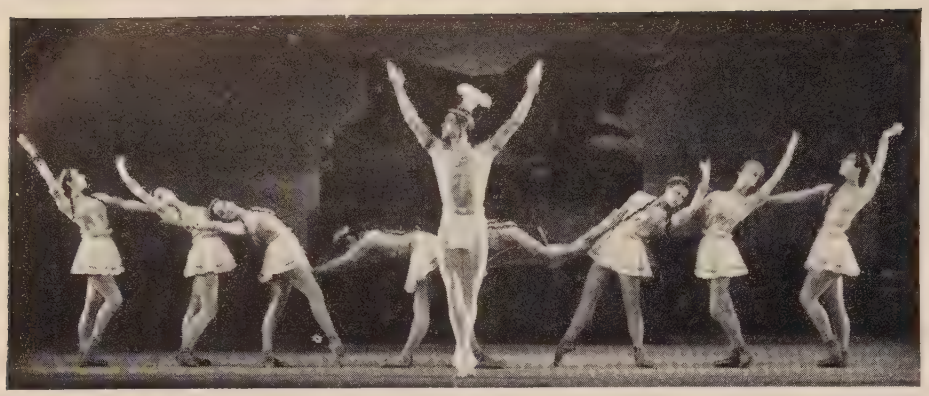
CONSTANT LAMBERT'S new ballet *Tiresias* is, I think, a bad ballet, but before we consign the choreographer, Ashton, to bottomless perdition we ought to enquire to what extent he can be held responsible. It is axiomatic that the choreography of a narrative ballet has to tell a story, consequently the quality of that choreography will bear at least some relationship to the quality of the story which it is depicting. Furthermore if choreography implies dancing to music, its musical basis will also affect, for good or bad, the ballet's choreographic inspiration. Décor and costumes too also have it within their power to enhance or degrade the choreographer's work.

As so many of the ballet's shortcomings were inherent in its initial conception, let us first consider Mr. Lambert's scenario. In the first place we may question whether such things as Snakes and Gymnasia lend themselves to serious dance treatment. It may be thought not, but in any case these are but slight blemishes in the story when compared with its central flaw. At one point in the ballet the choreographer is called upon to convey in terms of the dance something like the following direct statement, "look here Tiresias, in your time you've been both man and woman, now tell us, which is the happier existence?" All the unfortunate choreographer can do with this is to insert a painfully long mimed scene, unintelligible except through programme notes, and providing the most distressing bathos I have ever seen on the ballet stage. The shocking banality of the last scene is the direct result of working with a scenario which cannot be translated into balletic terms.

Nor can I believe that Ashton was given much help by Lambert's dessicated and old-fashioned score, which repeated itself almost as often as history, and reminded me



The first scene, A Cretan Gymnasium, shows Michael Somes as the male Tiresias with his hands on the shoulders of the Neophyte (*Margaret Dale*) (*Photo: Roger Wood*)



Michael Somes displaying his superior prowess to the young girls who have been attempting to somersault over the horns of a bull in the gymnasium (*Photo: Roger Wood*)

of the less successful experiments made by "Les Six" back in the Twenties.

The "athletic" dancing of Tiresias in the First Scene would hardly have won third prize at a Prep school sports. But remember that according to the score and scenario, Tiresias has to dance more or less non-stop for about twenty minutes, consequently the choreographer had to conserve his dancers' energy, and the vigorous dance of triumph called for could not be forthcoming. (Composers must remember the dictum—long-winded score, short-winded dancer.) This is but one example of the way in which the prosey prolixity of the composer has stymied the efforts of the choreographer.

Nevertheless Ashton walked into this ballet with his eyes open, presumably accepted the ballet's plan and length, and, in any case, is guilty of some choreography which is just not worthy of the man who has recently created *Illuminations* and his masterpiece, *Daphnis and Chloe*. But, and this is particularly evident after the ballet has been seen three or four times, parts of the choreography triumphantly emerge from the *mêlée* as magnificent examples of the choreographer's art. Much of the end of the First Scene after the entry of the Neophyte, most of the Second Scene, notably the *pas de deux* for Fonteyn and Field, with its "dying falls" and slow-motion prowlings, and his clever use of choreographic *leit-motive*, are as good as anything in Ashton's recent work. But the ballet as a whole . . . Ye gods and little snakes!

If anything of the ballet is to be salvaged, and it cost a lot of money just to be shelved, I would suggest the jettisoning of Mrs. Lambert's "fossilised fish-shop" drop curtain and of the entire last scene. The First Scene could be cut by half and reworked. The ballet would then deal solely with the transmogrifications of Tiresias and still be complete in itself. If desired the subsequent gift of prophecy could be hinted at in the programme notes.

The ballet's first performance was indifferently danced but the dancing improved a little later. Fonteyn's performance is too beautiful to be dismissed in a phrase, and Field supported her splendidly. Somes seemed to me, to be miscast. Would not this part, with different choreography, have been more in Grant's line of country? Larsen and Rodrigues perform their harangue with dignity in sad circumstances; Shaw and Clayden slither nicely as Snakes; and Dale, dressed up like nothing on earth, does everything the Neophyte is expected to do. Rowena Jackson shows she can do other things besides *fouettes*. The Shepherds, Clegg, Melville, Stueart and Vernon, do well individually and will doubtless do better when they dance more in unison.

Clive Barnes

MUSIC

THIS is Constant Lambert's first major ballet score since before the war, and as such, it is worthy of its composer and of the magnificent work which has resulted from this Lambert-Ashton collaboration.

For *Tiresias* is a true collaboration. Both composer and choreographer have obviously envisaged a goal, mapped out an identical route for it, and have reached it. Besides being the apotheosis of Ashton's career as a choreographer, the work is a complete unity in sound, movement and colour, the music reinforcing the emotional and psychological tension of the choreography. It is not easy to dissociate the two : this is not music for the concert-hall—it was not intended as such. But nevertheless it is great music : great in structure, in emotion, and in range. It is, in addition, moving and exciting, lyrical and astringent according to the varying needs of the ballet. We have not had a ballet score of this quality and power since *Petrouchka* ; and if the whole history of British ballet had produced nothing more than this, it would have justified itself in *Tiresias*.

Beyond the limitations which Constant Lambert has set himself as to scoring (he uses no upper strings) limitations which were dictated by the artistic needs of the ballet as a whole, he has soared with the wings of true genius. Lambert has given much to British ballet, but neither he nor anyone else has given to it anything finer than this. We are so accustomed to the restrictions and formalities of lesser musicians that, at first hearing, this score may sound puzzling ; or—perhaps an even greater compliment to its value in relation to the work as a whole—it may even tend to be taken for granted. But the classical serpents of wisdom, rejected at first by Tiresias himself as they have been by so many commentators on this work, have twined themselves through both choreography and music. Lambert has accepted them wholeheartedly, as has Ashton, and has the musical skill to convey the understanding they have brought him.

And I must add a tribute to the orchestra. With Lambert conducting and Gordon Watson as a fine soloist, the music was given a performance as glittering and incisive as if the serpents on the stage had their counterparts among the inhabitants of the orchestra pit—who showed that they could make the place a snake-pit and a bear-garden on one and the same evening !

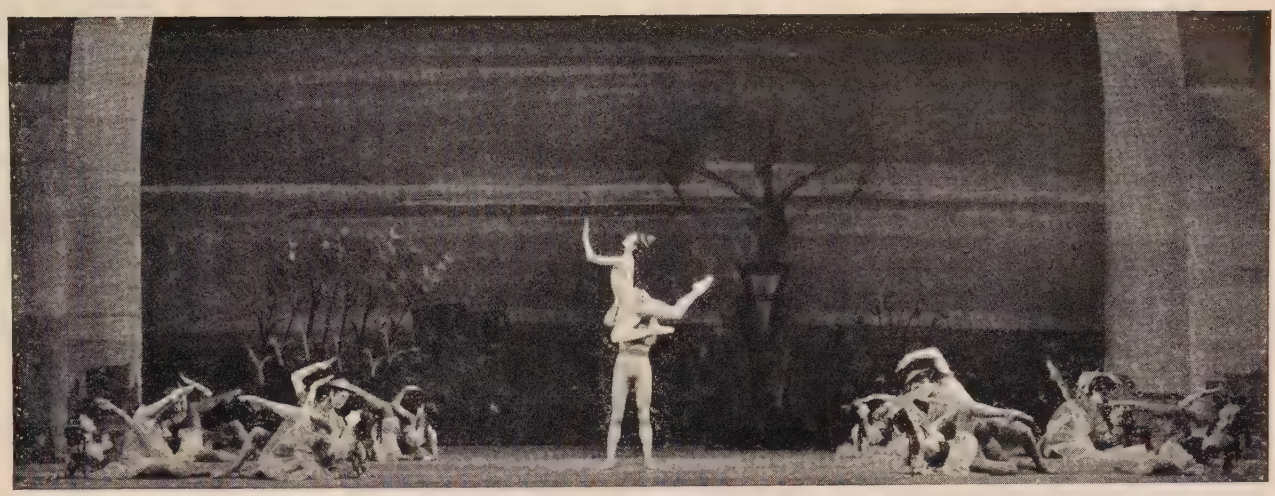
Evan Senior

DANCING

I FELT misled by what constituted the male Tiresias' display of "superior prowess" and "athletic triumph". It seemed to me a perfect opportunity for a *virtuoso* variation, for *fireworks* if you will, in a ballet in which the choreography maintained a monotonously even level. Whether or not Somes is capable of executing a highly technical variation is of course another matter. Certainly, he is physically ideal for the role of an athlete. He is handsome, muscular and extremely virile. But surely the flexing of a bicep is no great physical achievement in the face of more technically difficult *pas* executed by some of the corps de ballet.

The male Tiresias (*Michael Somes*) *borne aloft on the spears of the warriors.*

One of the many interesting lifts with which this ballet is studded. The extraordinary symmetry of the whole ballet becomes very apparent in all these photographs. This may possibly be one of the reasons why the work tended to become monotonous. Symmetrical groups though beautiful lose their impact when repeated continuously (*Photo: Roger Wood*)



The beautiful second scene showing Fonteyn and Field against Isabel Lambert's blue-grey landscape. On each side are seen groups of shepherds and shepherdesses. In the background is the altar with its blue duck in arrested flight. (Photo: Roger Wood)

Even his customary light *ballon* and soft landings were missing; their presence would have at least contributed to the impression of an athlete, overlooked in the choreography itself. But even so, is not brute strength rather than lyrical strength suggested here by the word "athlete?" And is not Somes' a lyrical strength? It is a lyrical strength of great beauty, sometimes wasted by carelessly hunched shoulders and untidy arms.

Fonteyn as the female Tiresias was in every sense his counterpart. Instead of contrasting feminity she conveyed a masculinity in the attack and *brio* of her dancing. Incontestable evidence of her gender, however, lay in the soft yet firm arm placements and in the unsurpassed magic of controlled *developpés;* which evoke a transcendental emotion such as when Markova points her toes.

The *pas de cinq* which Fonteyn does with the four shepherds, Peter Clegg, Kenneth Melville, Douglas Steuart and Gilbert Vernon, with its out of character *chinois* style, appeared less absurd and out of context by its crisp, authoritative performance.

As for the Warriors, Priestesses and Shepherdesses, little more can be expected than was achieved. It is difficult enough to contend with straight lines in the normal way; with the added impediment of spears, shields and irregular music tempi it is, as was shown, practically impossible.

David Raher

DECOR

UNLIKE most people, I liked Isabel Lambert's Drop Curtain. As a painter she is famous for fish bones. I could not see that this sea-food counter, all that remained of some archaic cat's feast, had any particular significance though it turned out to be unwittingly prophetic—the dried bones bore striking resemblance to the effect created by the ballet as a whole.

When this curtain had risen, what a shock to see the Minaoan-inspired operatic décor of the first scene! So completely different in style, so heavy in its approach, that it was impossible to realise that the same designer had created it. Just the sort of thing that in the 'twenties and 'thirties could be seen in every European opera house production of *Aida*, *Samson and Delilah* or *Thais*, or in the massive ballet spectacles by Serge Lifar at the Paris Opera. Today the trend in theatrical design has altered, and these cumbersome pillars covered with Minoan motives dominated by a vast bull against a deep blue sky all seem strangely old-fashioned.

The second scene, for reasons never made clear, was more Chinese-inspired than anything else. The soft blue and grey landscape made a welcome relief after all the harsh colour that preceded it. The little altar, which replaced the bull of the first scene as the dominating feature, was charming with its blue wild duck in arrested flight. The cut cloth wings were rather crudely painted and little thought appeared to have been given to perspective. It was a pity that grey curtain-borders had to be dropped-in to mask the "flys" as they completely ruined the feeling of space that the designer obviously intended.

The final scene, a palace haunted by bickering deities, was even more cumbersome than the first and in the same style. The two rostrums for Hera and Zeus clutter-up the stage, though it is hard to know how any designer can successfully translate into terms of the theatre such argument as—"Zeus, the God, and Hera, the Goddess are disputing the relative happiness of the two sexes . . ."—while still keeping the locality comparatively earthbound. In the old days the gods would have descended in an elaborate machine but I suppose such complicated stagecraft is too much to ask of the present day stage staff.

The costumes were a mixed bag, many of them being excellent. Isabel Lambert has attempted to apply the conventions of ballet costume to Minoan design and silhouette—the bared breast, tight waist, and bell skirt. When she has realised that this was what she was trying to attain she has succeeded admirably as in the Shepherdesses of the second scene—these are some of best ballet costumes we have seen for ages. Unfortunately in the case of the Priestesses she has tried to be too realistic and although the colours are most exciting and the skirts, in particular, have been very well executed they look incongruous. The Warriors had brown body make-up on their torsos and matching tights on their legs—a practice that is particularly unfortunate as it made them look like rag dolls. Somes, in the title role, looked very fine with his bare torso and white tights to match his white feathered headress. Fonteyn, as his female self, had a beautiful costume also of white and gold.

The lighting, so frequently criticised in these columns, was a vast improvement and for the first time a feeling of hot sunlight was achieved. The second scene, which was anyway intended to have a misty quality, was equally good and at the same time it was possible to see the dancers. If this ballet as a whole has done nothing to further anybody's advancement, that it may usher in a new era of light is more encouraging than anything that has happened for a very long time.

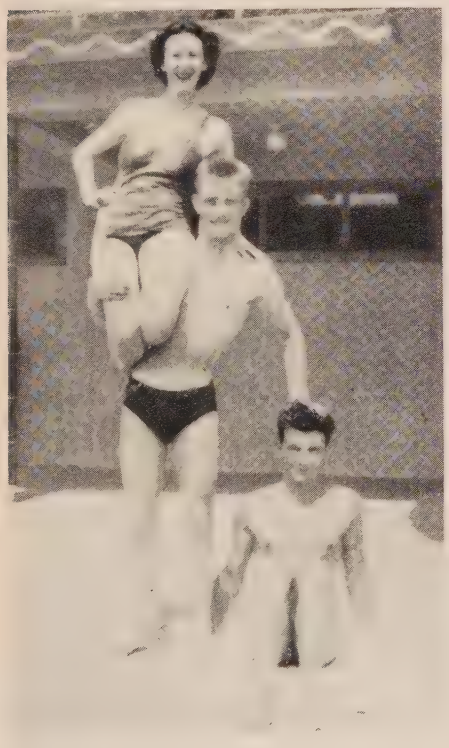
Peter Williams

The final moment in the ballet. Tiresias, having been summoned by the goddess Hera (Gerd Larsen on rostrum left) and the god Zeus (Alfred Rodrigues on rostrum right) to settle their dispute about the relative happiness of the two sexes, is blinded by the former. Zeus as recompense gives Tiresias the gift of prophecy. As the curtain falls, Tiresias, back in male form, taps his way out into the world with his white stick (Photo: Roger Wood)

curtain up!

THE Gala at Covent Garden, graced by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth on July 9, was the one of the best dressed of these occasions that we have had for many years. The Queen has such a natural graciousness that her presence turns everything into a great occasion. Her memory is extraordinary and as she was making her way from the Royal box to the retiring room she noticed Madame Rambert and came up and spoke to her. During the course of conversation she recalled the days when the Rambert Ballet was at the Duke of Yorks Theatre. In those days she and the King (then Duke and Duchess of York) used to go to the ballet frequently. The Queen is a very sound ballet critic and it is to be hoped that someday her comments will be collected into a book; they would make a most valuable addition to the ballet literature of today.

Opinions about the Ashton-Lambert *Tiresias* have caused an even greater rift in ballet audiences than did *Daphnis and Chloe*. The violently pro-Tiresians being Marie Rambert, Sophie Fedorovitch, William Chapell, Sir Osbert Sitwell, and many others who will always be associated with artistic creation in the 'thirties. Is this significant?



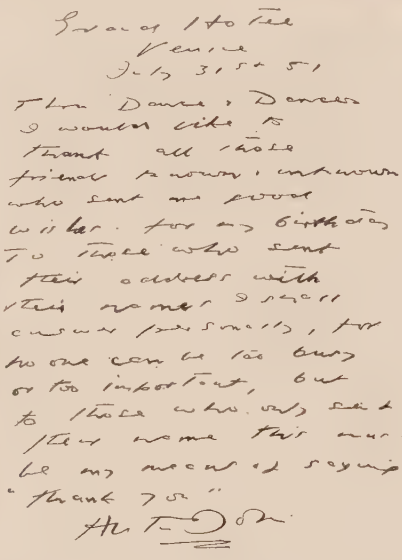
ODD JOBS 2.

Pamela Black, one of our most regular readers, works in a bookmakers office and though, in the daytime, she is mainly concerned with matters of the turf, at night she is always to be seen at the ballet. She is a great friend of many famous dancers. Here she is seen at Brighton on the shoulder of George Baron who together with John Bleasdale appears in Starry Way.

We shall always be pleased to consider photographs of our readers, preferably in their usual occupations—but the more unusual the better.

Anton Dolin, Alicia Markova holding their godson Patrick Anthony Peter White, Peter White and Mrs. Peter White (Anne Suren). See story in column one on opposite page. (Photo: Planet News)

Below is Anton Dolin's thanks to those who sent him birthday cards.



Foreigners, on the other hand, are almost without exception anti-Tiresians. They get loud in their abuse which immediately makes the Englishman stand-up for this very controversial ballet. When it is pointed out that their respective countries have produced nothing better in the past few years they are silenced into reluctant assent. So, even if Frederick Ashton and the Lamberts are hurt at the general reaction they can at least get the satisfaction of knowing that the work has caused more argument than any in recent years. This is just what the art of ballet has badly needed to wake people out of their lethargy.

ON July 29, Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Dukes (Marie Rambert) gave a party at the Mercury Theatre to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the Rambert Ballet. Many of the people who owe their present fame to this pioneering company were present. These included; Frederick Ashton, Maud Lloyd, Andrée Howard, Sally Gilmour, William Chappell, Mona Inglesby, Sara Luzita, David Paltenghi, Sophie Fedorovitch, Guy Shepherd, Susan Salaman, Hugh Stevenson, Ronald Wilson and hundreds of others who contributed to this most vital chapter in English ballet development. Many who were unable to be present sent telegrams These included one from Tamara Karsavina—"Dearest Mim. With affectionate memories of our happy collaboration, I send you heartfelt wishes for the continuation of your splendid work".

Another from Anthony Tudor in America read—"Homage to the fabulous woman whose encouragement and guidance made so many of our careers possible. If only we might all contribute so greatly to ballet. Love and gratitude".

The party was such as we have come to expect under the sign of Mercury—informal, charming, and entirely different to any other parties of the kind. Rambert herself made a speech, directed some films, and seemed to be everywhere at once seeing that everybody was enjoying themselves. Paul Draper danced and ended with a most touching tribute, spoken and danced, to this fabulous lady. Ashley Dukes worked the lights and received the usual abuse from his wife though some people said he turned the lights out so as to stop her talking. It was one of those parties; we can only hope that the next twenty-five years will pass quickly so that we can have another which we shall attend possibly in our bath chairs.

THERE is no knowing what will happen when Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées give Petit's *Les Forains*. The other afternoon during a matinee almost everything happened; it is one of those works in which almost anything can happen and it does not upset the ballet as a whole.

The entire company, not in the ballet, came on to swell the crowd who watch the itinerant players giving their show. This particular crowd was more kindly than was ever intended. It is usual for the onlookers to melt away by the time the hat is passed round so that the troupe wander off into the night cold, penniless, and starving. This crowd gave them money,

Dance and Dancers says Happy Birthday to :—

David Poole	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	September 17
Frederick Ashton	Sadler's Wells Ballet	September 17
Nora de Wal.	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	September 18
Svetlana Beriosova	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	September 24
Jacques Ribes	Ballets des Champs Elysées	October 3
Denys Palmer	International Ballet	October 9

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, Mersey House, 132-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post cards early.

bottles of wine and food. So for the first time in the 410 performances of this ballet the *forains* went off without their hearts embittered by the meanness of human nature. Even the pigeons entered into the spirit of it all and one of them laid an egg!

WHEN Patrick Anthony Peter White is old enough to consider the question of a career, he may possibly feel that with all the signs and portents, he has little choice. He is the son of Anne Suren and Peter White who were married in Belfast in 1948 whilst appearing with International ballet, and he was born when his parents were members of Festival Ballet.

Christened at the Festival Church (St. Johns in Waterloo Road) he had for his god-parents Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin (from whom he took the name Patrick), and at his christening party in his father's dressing room Alexandra Danilova cut the cake.

His grandmother is the principal of the Ella White School of Dancing at Birmingham and taught Papa White to dance at the age of five. On the face of it, it really seems that young Patrick Anthony Peter is trapped.

SOME people do things the easy way; Le Roy Prinz, dance director from Warner Bros. is one of them. He says he has never worked out a dance number out of bed! "I dream 'em up at night" he declares. "Then I roll over and write 'em down on a pad which I keep under my pillow". It seems that his best inspiration comes between three and four a.m. Judging by the amount of work he turns out in a year (his two most recent were *Tea for Two* and *Fine and Dandy*) his nights must be the most restless in history.

Take your choice

ROSARIO AND ANTONIO

As an artist Antonio has his limitations. His range is small, his facial expression never varies and his comedy is coy. (Arnold Haskell in *London Musical Events*).

Antonio is not only a superb dancer in style and execution; he is a virtuoso artist. I have not so far seen a Spanish dancer who seems equally outstanding in every type of Spanish dance. (C. W. Beaumont in the *Sunday Times*).

From a theatrical point of view, the presentation is poor. These dancers (Rosario and Antonio) would shine far more in the setting of a company. (Arnold Haskell in *London Musical Events*).

Rosario and Antonio are a brilliant couple whose youth and freshness enable them to carry an entire and varied programme on their shoulders (Lillian Browse in *The Spectator*).

JOSE GRECO AND HIS SPANISH DANCERS

Greco's performances prove to be even more exciting and satisfying than one had imagined. They are an experience that should not be missed (Lillian Browse in *The Spectator*).

But on the whole I was disappointed; perhaps because Greco is not a Spaniard at all . . . Could teams of Cypriots and Danes dance a convincing reel? (Richard Johnson in the *New Statesman*).

He (Greco) is a great artist who refuses to concede to the demands of an undiscriminating audience for stunts and displays of the so-called Spanish temperament (The *Dancing Times*).

He (Greco) has expressed his belief, in the beautiful *Zorongo* and *La Petenera*, that Spanish dancing need not be confined to traditional arrangements and ideas but can be used over a wider field (Lillian Browse in *The Spectator*).

We regret that owing to pressure of space, the crossword had to be omitted this month. It will be resumed in October.

Serge Golovine, star of the De Cuevas company, in the unusual occupation of selling flowers. It is hoped that the company will appear in London during the Autumn.
(Photo: Intercontinentale)

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Dancers you should know

EUGÉNE ROBINSON

Eugéne Robinson, the ex Katherine Dunham dancer, who is now in London studying ballet

HAD Robinson known that his scholarship to the Katherine Dunham School of Dance entailed scrubbing floors and running a lift, he would probably have remained at Detroit's Wayne University and fulfilled a previous ambition to become a teacher. It is incredible when you think that until the age of seventeen he had never considered being a dancer; the circumstances that brought it about were as unorthodox as they were unexpected.

In a constant search for talent Dunham frequently holds auditions when touring. Thus it was in Detroit in 1945 that Robinson egged on by a circle of friends, dancers in a sportive mood, was prodded into appearing before her. To the surprise and chagrin of his companions he was the only one chosen. He was stunned and extremely flattered.

However, his decision to accept the offer of a scholarship to her New York school was not easy to make. He had made a substantial beginning at the University and couldn't ignore the value of a degree, particularly for a negro. Besides his parents had accepted the fact that he would finish school and he didn't want to let them down.

Finally the astute Mrs. Robinson, aware of her son's increasing depression, thrust thirty dollars of her personal savings into his hands and started him on the journey that was to take him half way across the world.

For Robinson the glamour of New York City soon faded into a montage of grim reality. Work at the school was from nine in the morning until nine at night, six days a week; and Sundays usually meant chores at the studio. For some unfathomable reason students were also assigned to running the building lift, between classes. The ten dollars a week included in the scholarship for maintenance was barely enough to live on and although he had tasted poverty often enough, hunger was a completely new sensation.

Four months later things began to improve. As a first assignment he was placed in the short lived (one week) Ethel Waters show *Blue Holiday*. *Concert Varieties*, his next job, fared better. By this time he had become a bona fide member of Dunham's main company.

The tour of America, Canada and Mexico City from 1946 to 1948, gave him confidence as a dancer and intensified his interest in his new found medium. The smoky automobile city and University days quickly faded into the past.

He shared in the triumph of Dunham's tour of the Continent and Scandinavia in the following year and was so loathe to leave Europe that he quit Dunham and returned to Stockholm; presumably to rest. The rest was shortlived for the Swedes coaxed him into doing the choreography and dancing in a revival of *Show Boat* (Feb. 1950) A great event in Robinson's life; it was his first essay into choreography and his first appearance as a principal dancer. An invitation to the Eddercopen Theatre in Oslo followed (Sept. 1950), where he choreographed and danced in a new revue. When he eventually left Scandinavia it was with the distinction of having been the highest paid artist in Norway for 1950 (he earned 70,000 kroner, roughly 3,500 pounds, for both engagements) and an appearance at a command performance for King Haakon.

Now in London to concentrate on studying ballet, Robinson's faith in his future is staggering. He is convinced that there is a consistency and pattern in the manoeuverings of destiny. Otherwise would he not still be plodding away at his studies in Wayne University or an exponent of Dunham gyrations?

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

THE news that Margot Fonteyn is suffering from ankle strain and will not be dancing with the company for several months has caused general dismay. There is not one single person in the world, with even the remotest interest in ballet, who will not wish her a speedy recovery. Dancers are so bad at resting that we can only hope that Fonteyn will have a complete rest away from ballet and all those who have anything to do with it—there must be an Elysian desert island somewhere. The world needs ballerinas of her calibre so desperately that no stone must remain unturned in seeing that her complete recovery is effected.

This news has made us realise only too painfully how much the company has relied on one ballerina. In a company that was never intended to have stars, in the old sense of the word, this has been a bad thing. It is the public that makes stars and, try and fight against it as we will, it must now have become obvious to everyone that stars are an essential to ballet. Therefore this next period of Sadler's Wells history will be a trial period and may also be rather trying at the same time—there will be opportunities for those who have not, so far, had much chance. There will be triumphs and disappointments; there will be the usual mud and bouquets thrown by the critics and public. Out of it all there is certain to emerge at least one *ballerina assoluta*.

The short season which ended at Covent Garden on July 28 could not be called a particularly happy one. The great *Tiresias* controversy (and a very healthy one all round), has rather caused people to overlook the fact that the dancing as a whole was far from good. Only *Les Patineurs* got as good a performance as ever. *Ballet Imperial*, *Mam'zelle Angot* and *Cinderella* have fallen apart and, as seen now, bear scant resemblance to the fine works that they originally were. Michael Somes continues to be the only male dancer who should take the lead in the former and Elvin has shown that the work now has its ideal ballerina. The *corps de ballet* precision, so completely essential for Balanchine's beautiful pattern, was non-existent except for the boys at the beginning of the final movement. The ugly sister's buffoonery in *Cinderella* has turned into a Nervo and Knox act which would be delightful anywhere but in a ballet. The company is going through its "dog days" but all those responsible seem perfectly aware of the fact so it seems certain that matters will be put right soon. Every company and organisation inevitably goes through such periods and Sadler's Wells is lucky that in its twenty-two years this is the first sticky patch.

The winter season which opens at Covent Garden early in September will see revivals of Ashton's *Scenes de Ballet* and Petit's *Balabille*. Later in the season, Massine will mount his Scottish ballet that has been promised for so long, and there are to be new works by John Cranko and Andrée Howard.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

THE final season before departure for America starts on September 1 (matinée). The new *Coppelia*, with décor by Loudon Sainthill and a new revision of the choreography by Ninette de Valois, has its first performance on September 4. The Snowflakes and Kingdom of Sweets scenes from *Casse Noisette* with new décors by Cecil Beaton, are to be given a week later—on September 11.

Opening at the Capitol Theatre, Quebec, on October 5, the company goes on to Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto. Their first American date is at Buffalo on October 22 and they continue to tour through the States during November, December, January, February, ending up in New York or Boston in March. They are due back in London on April 14, 1952.

RAMBERT BALLET

OWING to lack of money, Ballet Rambert also has its dog days when artists who have been working-up in the company have to leave in order to get bigger salaries. British ballet owes an enormous debt of gratitude to this company because many of the artists who are raising this country's dancing prestige all over the world got their first chance at the diminutive theatre in Notting Hill. The company having recently had its sticky period, I

was very glad to see so many excellent dancers during the week that they were at the Streatham Hill Theatre.

It is always nice to see the Rambert *Giselle* and though only the first act is now given, it is possible to see why this has always been praised by the critics. Although on a far smaller scale it invites comparison with that of Festival Ballet which is the best of the big *Giselle* productions. Hugh Stevenson designed the costumes and scenery in both cases and his work on the first act is better for Rambert than Festival. His second act for the Festival is outstanding. The costumes for Rambert are more simple and peasant-like and the fact that there are hardly any two alike makes it less like a musical comedy. His back-cloth is charming.

I like the way the peasants cross the stage in the beginning, not in a pointless huddled group but completely naturally with each person having something definite to do. I like also the longer mime scene for Hilarion, where he has discovered the sword, which uses music that is frequently cut out. The fight between Albrecht and Hilarion at the end is most convincing and adds dramatically to Albrecht's quiet grief at the final curtain. Margaret Hill in the title role shows great promise. She is, of course, too tall but then the ballerinas who are physically right for this role could be named on the fingers of one hand. She is developing a mannerism of making odd faces in a *lift* she also uses too much black eye make-up. All these things can, and no doubt will, be corrected. She danced a very nice variation and her mad scene is infinitely moving. She has not quite struck the happy medium between the grand manner and complete simplicity but under the eye of Rambert the interpretation will become more homogeneous. The peasant *pas de deux*, an interpolation which adds considerably to the first act, was danced by Beryl Goldwyn and Cecil Bates. It was some time since I had seen the former and I was very much struck by her development; she has great charm and fluidity and reminded me at moments of the young Markova; she certainly has star quality. For a young girl, Shirley Rees gave a most intelligent performance of Giselle's mother. Impossible with her tender years to start to understand the agony of a bereaved mother but she had obviously given the role a great deal of thought. I would suggest to every girl who might ever essay this particular role that should The Royal Danish Ballet ever come to this country, no stone is left unturned in their efforts to see Gerda Karstens; not only will they have an unforgettable experience but they will learn the humility of great artistry.

Soiree Musicale, which followed, has always seemed to me to be the wittiest of Tudor's dance burlesques, far more subtle than the more popular *Gala Performance*. It gets as good a performance as it ever did, particularly from Beryl Goldwyn and Cecil Bates in the *Tyrolese*, Angela Sparshott in the wickedly funny mock *Bolero*, and Ronald Hynd in the *Tarantella*. The latter has made great strides (in every sense) in the past months and he has learnt how to use his height on the stage.

Paltenghi's *Scherzi della Sorte*, first given by Ballet Workshop, is now in the repertoire. It has been lengthened and the Leslie Hurry décor has been blown-up to fit larger stages. The added space has taken some of the impact from both the idea and the décor. The work has much invention but Paltenghi has not digested it enough to give it the drama that was originally intended. It makes, however, a useful addition to the repertoire and a good role for Margaret Hill. Paltenghi's latest work, *Fate's Revenge*, is dealt with in our New Ballets section on page twelve. **P. W.**

BALLET WORKSHOP

ARRANGEMENTS for the Sixth Ballet Workshop programme on June 10th were disturbed by the unavoidable last-minute withdrawal of a number of the dancers, which made the presentation of Jack Carter's ballet, *Living Image*, impossible. In place of this some ballet films were given from Madame Rambert's extensive collection. The programme opened with a revival of Mignon Furman's trifling ballet *Louisa*. This was followed by the only new work on the programme, Peter Darrell's *Midsummer Watch*.

This, I believe, Darrell's first ballet, is a work of charm and invention. Upon a thin thread of narrative concerning the flirtations between two village girls and two village boys, he has strung simple, unpretentious and pleasing choreography. It appears that Darrell has wisely aimed at fluency before originality, and although, perhaps, this present ballet has no very considerable or lasting virtues it most certainly indicates that the choreographer should be given every encouragement to make more ballets. He has passed his first test with credit; the time to judge whether he has genuine talent or mere facility will come when he has gained further choreographic experience. The ballet was assisted by Hugo Alfven's score, which was always pleasant and occasionally witty, and was well danced by a cast of four, among whom Sonya Hana was particularly good.

The Seventh programme, on July 8th, opened with a revival of this ballet and also included three new works, one by Harry Cordwell, the others by Jan Cieplinski. The worst thing about Cordwell's ballet is its title, *Fantasm* (*Episodia Glorianae*), which if linguistically impeccable is still infernally clumsy. The ballet itself is dramatic and vigorous. In style it rather recalls the passionate manner of Gore's *Antonia* and *Confessional*, and, while not up to the standard of the former, is nevertheless extremely accomplished and interesting for a first ballet. The ballet deals apparently with the story of Elizabeth and Essex, but symbolically implies the general plight of all ill-matched and ill-starred lovers.

Cordwell appears to have an admirable sense of what is theatrically effective; his use of lighting, especially at the beginning of the ballet, is exciting. I liked too his use of masks to indicate, I take it, "public places and private faces". Some of his choreography really recaptured the rumbustiousness of the Elizabethans (the dance of the three courtiers is an instance of this—it seemed to have such a sense of the period that one could almost imagine that one of these gentlemen was that same Thomas Pound who later incurred the Royal displeasure when dancing a galliard). A serious fault in the choreographer could be a lack of clarity, and the action of the ballet was at times, possibly intentionally, obscure. However Ballet Workshop are to be congratulated in discovering in Cordwell, and to a slightly lesser extent in Darrell, two choreographers of undeniable promise.

Fantasm has an extremely good score by Michael Hobson. He, too, another Ballet Workshop discovery, is a young man of outstanding promise. He could well become that rare creature, a composer of merit who truly understands ballet. Cordwell, not unexpectedly as he is a designer, did the décor and costumes for his own ballet. His setting was suitable, and his costumes were very clever stylisations of Elizabethan dress, well fitted for dancing. The ballet received a good performance all round, and Gloriana herself was given a splendid portrayal by Paula Hinton, which undoubtedly materially assisted the ballet's success. As a dramatic dancer Hinton is of the very first order. She can only be compared with dancers like Kaye and Jeanmaire. Her talents developed rather late, but, once started, they have developed so astonishingly fast that with almost every performance her artistic stature seems to grow.

Jan Cieplinski's first work on the programme, *Divertissement*, proved to be a professional little bit of chinoiserie for three dancers, to music by Mozart, embellished by some beautiful costumes by Honor Frost. His more ambitious work, *The Golden Disc*, was not so successful. This was a frightfully meaningful ballet about something whose meaning escaped me. The Golden Discs themselves (there were a number of them) symbolised either money, power, sex or something else equally basic and desirable, and were danced around with

REQUEST PHOTOGRAPH

We frequently get requests from readers for more photographs of certain dancers. In our May issue we gave a photograph of Igor Fosca of Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées. Owing to the number of letters received we now give another of the same dancer as Oedipus in Lichine's La Rencontre. *This role, originally created by Babilée, was one of Fosca's most successful roles in the recent Champs-Elysées season at the Cambridge Theatre.*

We shall always be pleased to consider reader's requests if they write to the Editor and put the words "Request Photograph" on the top left-hand corner of their postcard.

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abandon. This ballet was not bad in the way that most of the bad ballets at the Workshop have been bad. They were just incompetent, while Cieplinski's work was not that. He has an original dance vocabulary which, in spite of being repetitious and occasionally banal, could possibly be used with effect. The décor by Laszlo Szilvassy was impressive in a Blake-like way, but the Saint-Saens music unsuitable. The dancers did their best. **C.B.**

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

AT a Gala in the presence of the Duchess of Kent International Ballet opened their season at The Royal Festival Hall on July 26.

A permanent setting had been constructed consisting of green raffia grass, trees, little bushes, and masonry. With variations this was used in every ballet through the season. It is hard to understand why ballet should have to be presented in such surroundings, but if it does then it would be better to have special works created for concert hall presentation. Most ballets as we know them were created to be given in a theatre against specially designed scenery, the designing of such scenery being a vital part of ballet creation. Take the ballets away from this background and they inevitably lose a vital limb. This particular hall has other disadvantages from a ballet point of view—all the entrances have to be made from the top of steps which slows them up considerably and it is impossible to get a large number of dancers off the stage quickly. The acoustics for which the hall is justly famous are a great disadvantage for ballet as the noise of the dancers feet, thumping on the stage, frequently drowns softer passages in the music. The construction of the hall itself is unsympathetic to ballet and it is doubtful whether the art could ever be really satisfactory in this tricked-up aeroplane hanger.

Taking all this into consideration, it should be said right away that International Ballet made the best of the situation and the works presented were well arranged to fit into these alien surroundings. The stage was always properly filled and everything looked as though it had been very carefully rehearsed.

The opening programme consisted of Massine's *Capriccio Espagnol*, *Grand Pas d'Action* (The Spell scene from Petipa's *Sleeping Beauty*), and Massine's *Gaiete Parisienne*.

The former was having its first full London performance as the version that Massine and Toumanova gave at the Nijinsky Galas in Empress Hall was adapted for a few dancers only. Having had such a wealth of Spanish dancing this summer it was embarrassing to have English dancers clicking and stamping in a work that under the very best conditions could never be anything other than a very inferior example of the master's work. It is extraordinary that somebody who created such a masterpiece as *The Three cornered Hat* should have resorted to this. The presence of two Spanish dancers, Ochita and Luis Nieto, did not help much and it was only Claudie Algeranova as the leader of the *Jota* dancers, who gave the ballet any life at all.

Gaite Parisienne is probably the most suitable work for this sort of presentation; never a particularly good ballet in the theatre it does not suffer in transit. Mona Inglesby as the flirtatious Glove seller is good and one could wish to see more of her in this type of role. Some of the boys in the company show considerable understanding particularly Harry Haythorne as one of the waiters.

A few nights later the role of the Peruvian was taken by Yurek Shabelevsky, this being his first appearance in England since before the war. One of the finest character dancers of the 'thirties, this poor role (surely the worst that Massine ever created for himself) could hardly give those new to ballet the slightest idea of what it was that made him so outstanding. Nevertheless he danced with sincerity and style and whenever he was on the stage he dominated it.

On July 31, Algeranoff's first ballet—*For Love or Money* –had its London *premiere*. To a score by Gilbert Vinter, this concerned the complications that can ensue when a soldier tries to take an honest bride. There was such a carry-on of visions, Pan and his rout, Fata Morganas, gypsies, bears, and a family of grotesque looking people (Ernest Hewitt for some unaccountable reason was dressed as a rich dowager), that it was quite impossible to fathom what it was all about nor were the lengthy programme notes any help. All that emerged was a charming *pas de deux* for Algeranova and Denys Palmer and a lively *Trepak* for Algeranoff. This work was created for the theatre and until it is seen in its correct setting it is impossible to give a just criticism.

The Sleeping Princess, revived on August 6, had two Auroras. Algeranova appeared in the Spell scene, but the Vision of Aurora was Mona Inglesby. The Prince awakened Algeranova, only to marry Inglesby in the end. This chopping and changing was most confusing to all those who had never seen the ballet before and judging by the bewilderment around it appeared that there must have been many in the audience seeing Petipas's masterpiece for the first time. Apart from this it also eliminates any attempt at characterisation or at building-up the role. There is much more to it than mere technical brilliance. Algeranova is a nice dancer but it is a pity that her arms are careless, otherwise she would be ideal for the role. Inglesby is at her best in Vision scene but not really right for the finale. She is a dancer so nearly very good indeed that it is annoying to see certain things that could be adjusted, thus keeping her out of the "great" class. Her hands are too refined and the crooked little finger makes one think of eternal cups of tea. She has developed a habit of doing everything on half-point and it seems an impossibility for her to bring her heel to the floor—this ethereality has been carried too far and now seems to permeate her every role.

Algeranoff was outstanding as Carabosse and this is probably the best interpretation of the wicked old fairy in recent years. Some of the other fairies, however, left a lot to be desired and the girl who danced the "finger" variation (the programme was incorrect so her name will never be known to me) should be sent to fairy Coventry until she learns that coyness is unforgivable in these variations.

The costumes all through, lack any sort of unity of idea. The yellow and pale blue of the peasants being particularly unattractive especially when seen with garlands and baskets of Alexandra pink roses.

But many of the shortcomings were compensated for by the orchestra which was infinitely better than what we have been hearing at Covent Garden recently. It was good to hear Tchaikovsky's finest ballet score played with reverence and understanding.

Giselle on August 8 again gave us Madame Evina as the mother; certainly the best interpretation of this role in England. Although the role is tiny, the fact that it projected to the back of the vast building showed that the hall cannot be entirely blamed for the deadness of so many performances. Inglesby in the title role gave a good copy-book interpretation which never reached any great heights. Algeranova danced the Queen of the Wilis with authority but Algeranoff was so over-melodramatic as to make Hilarion almost comic.

The revival of Fokine's *Carnaval* on August 10 had best be forgotten as quickly as possible. Shabelevsky was quite wrong as Harlequin; but he slipped rather badly, on his first exit up the raffia-grass steps, which may have had something to do with it. Inglesby gave Columbine as if she were still the Glove Seller in *Gaiete Parisienne*. Algeranoff's Pierrot looked like a seaside entertainer on a wet Bank holiday but with far less pathos. The *corps de ballet* were extremely ragged. Only Algeranova as Chiarina gave any idea of the bitter-sweet gaiety of this seemingly forgotten work. **P. W.**

Domini Callaghan and Terence Bown in John Hall's The Necklace *for London Theatre Ballet* (*Photo: Pincham*)

SCHOOLS

PATRICIA SPALDING SCHOOL

STUDENT performances are always exciting occasions, particularly for the young *debutantes* and their enthusiastic mothers and supporters.

For the outsider, however, they are an interesting opportunity for assessing the value of the teaching method used at a particular school, for such a performance is really the acid test of a teacher, whatever may be her artistic pedigree and advertised qualifications

One of the best of these that I have seen was given at the Twentieth Century Theatre, Notting Hill, on July 17. The students were those of Patricia Spalding, herself a one-time pupil of Nicholas Legat. Miss Spalding also arranged the choreography and designed the costumes for this occasion.

She is obviously a good teacher. Her pupils are well placed, move easily, and enjoy dancing ; and there were no hunched shoulders, dropped wrists or any of the contortions one sees so often in these performances. The big, open arm positions and general deportment justify the use of the word " Russian " in the title of the school. I was glad, too, to see that with the " babies ' there was no attempt at too much technical detail, which is as it should be.

A very tiny girl, Gillian Arscott, showed astonishingly precocious awareness of musical phrasing in a polka to Bach music. And in the case of thirteen-years-old Pamela Martin it is hard to resist playing the prophet and predicting a brilliant career when one is confronted with lyrical talent of this type.

It was in all a rewarding experience, all the more so when I learned later that none of the students had been dancing for longer than two years. **DAVID HUNT.**

Anna Marinova and Rovi Pavinoff in Les Elfes, *a new ballet by Pavinoff. This is in the repertoire of the re-formed Pavinoff Ballet which opens a provincial tour at the Theatre Royal, Bath, on September 3.* (*Photo: Ramsey and Muspratt*)

LEGAT SCHOOL

(*continued from page ten*)

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PAVINOFF BALLET

ROVI PAVINOFF opens a provincial tour at the Theatre Royal, Bath on September 3rd, with his re-formed company of 40 artists. These include Anna Marinova, formerly of International Ballet, Gillian Scott-Harris, Michel De Latre, and Robin Whitecross.

The repertoire will include *Swan Lake*, *Mazurka*, *Les Elves*, *Salon de Danse*, *Black Swan*, *Spectre de la Rose*, *Les Sylphides*, *Blue Bird*, and a suite from *Casse Noisette*. *Giselle* and *Coppelia* are being prepared for inclusion in the repertoire, and the role of Swanilda will be danced by Anna Marinova, who danced it for International Ballet for a number of years.

The orchestra will be directed by Lyel Paget, formerly of Salzburg and recently Musical Adviser and conductor of the Stratford Municipal Orchestra.

Rovi Pavinoff is creating a new dramatic ballet to be presented in October, and *Le Siecle* will be revived as soon as Lady Muriel Anderson is well enough to revise her music to include additional dancing. **J. H.**

INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL

WHEN International Ballet leave the Festival Hall after their season ending September 1, they will be succeeded by a programme more than titularly international. From September 3 to 15, S. A. Gorlinsky is presenting, for the L.C.C., an International Dance Festival at which will be seen teams of experts in the National dances of Scotland, Northern Ireland, Yugoslavia and Spain.

The Scottish Country Dance Society will give a programme of country dances, such as Reels and Strathspeys, and also highland dances. Accompanied by their own pipers they will show many traditional dances which have been passed on from generation to generation in the remoter parts of Scotland.

Patricia Mulholland is bringing her team of Northern Irish Dancers with a varied repertoire of Jigs, reels and horn-pipes with such titles as *The Kerry Dance*, *The Gales of Derry*, *The Ulster Blossom* and *The Piper Through the Meadow Straying*. Patricia Mulholland is the solo violinist who accompanies the dancers.

From Spain, two companies, from Central and North-eastern Spain, will perform quite authentic Spanish dances, in the fascinating native costumes, which should prove to be especially interesting in view of the number of Spanish theatrical dancers who have been seen in England recently.

The Yugoslav company includes dancers from Macedonia, Bosnia and Serbia. **J. H.**

Where are they now?

NAME	*PREVIOUSLY WITH*	*HAS JOINED*
DANIEL ARENSKY	Ballet de Paris	Two on the Aisle, (New York Musical)
BARRY ASHTON	Golden City	Biltmore Bowl, U.S.A.
ROMAYN AUSTIN	Annie Get Your Gun	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet
WALTER BURGESS	Sadler's Wells School	Festival Ballet
LOUIS GODFREY	South Africa	Festival Ballet
GORDON HAMILTON	Ballet de Paris	Two on the Aisle
GILLIAN HARRIS	Ballet Recitals	Pavinoff Ballet
MICHEL DE LATRE	Eros Ballet	Pavinoff Ballet
BAMBI LYNN	Carousel	American Cabaret Tour
COLLETTE MARCHAND	Ballet de Paris	Two on the Aisle
ANNA MARINOVA	International Ballet	Pavinoff Ballet
ARNOTT MADER	King's Rhapsody	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet
WALTER RANDS-TREVOR	Army	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet
ESTHER STROMMES	Canadian Ballet	Pavinoff Ballet
ROBIN WHITECROSS	South African Ballet	Pavinoff Ballet

LES BALLET DES CHAMPS-ELYSÉES

ON August 2, the company opened a season at the Cambridge Theatre. This was the first time that they had appeared in this country for two years and there were many changes—Skorik, Philippart and Babilee had left together with most of the *corps de ballet*. In their place are Jacqueline Moreau, Sonia Arova, Maria Dalba, Helene Traline, Alexandre Kalioujny, Vladimir Skouratoff, Igor Focsa, and Rene Bon. Danielle Darmance and Gerard Ohn, previously soloists with the company, are now stars. Jean Robin is still Administrator and Youly Algaroff is now *Maitre de Ballet*. The only works new to London were *Impromptu au Bois* by the American choreographer Ruth Page and decor by Wakevitch to Ibert music; and *Pas Classique* by Victor Gsovsky to Aubert music. The revivals included *Les Forains*, *Le Rendez-vous*, *La Rencontre*, *Jeu de Cartes*, *La Creation*, together with the *grand pas de deux* from *Don Quixote*, *Lac des Cygnes* Act 3, and *Casse Noisette*.

This season and company will be the subject of a long article in the October issue but it can be said right away that it has not lost in the way that might be expected owing to the absence of the dancers who created so many important roles. Algaroff has instilled a new discipline into the company and it is far more knit than at any time in its stormy career. The dancing all through was of an exceptionally high standard. The only thing lacking is a new choreographer; the original ballets of Petit are still the best in the repertoire. **P. W.**

DANCES OF SPAIN

ON Sunday July 29, The Imperial Society of Teachers invited Senorita Dona Dolores de Pedroso Y Sturdza to give a lecture on the dances of Spain.

It will be remembered that Senorita de Pedroso had been invited last winter to give a lecture at Covent Garden for the Production Club. The recent lecture was more technical and far more interesting. She brought with her from Madrid, the two dancers who were with her previously—Fernanda Montez and Alberto Portillo. They demonstrated both regional and classical dances with great charm. Portillo, though very young, was revealed as a dancer with considerable range. There is every possibility that he may come and study in this country to improve his classical technique.

Each dance was preceded by a description of the historical background, the costumes, and steps giving their equivalent in the classical vocabulary.

It was most interesting to see the *Mateixas* from the Balearic Islands. This dance is given after the fig harvest and both the steps and music have a quiet beauty that make one want to see more. This is probably the first time that a dance from these islands has been given in England. But everything that this pair gave was well executed and their performance together with the lecture were more illuminating than anything we have yet had on Iberian dancing.

The Imperial Society are to be congratulated on having brought these people from Spain and it is to be hoped that further lectures will be arranged which will also include equal instruction on flamenco dances. **P. W.**

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

HOLLAND FESTIVAL

Mr. Hornstra, Editor of the Dutch ballet paper Dans Kroniek, *seen with Tamara Toumanova when she was in Holland for the Festival. Mrs. Hornstra (H. Hornstra Verwer) has sent the report of the festival given below.*

FROM the 15 of June to 15 of July Holland has had a National Festival at which a number of foreign dancers have been seen. The greatest success was achieved by Hima Kesarcodi the Indian dancer, who gave a command performance at the Royal Palace of Soestdijk, before the Queen, Prince Bernhard and three of the young princesses.

The press received her enthusiastically and I consider her to be the most beautiful Indian dancer I have seen. She has a strong personality and was exceptionally good in the *Bharata Natyam* and her own creations, the *Kathakali* dances, *Dance of Fear* and *The Weeping Women*.

Mariemma, with her partners Jaoquin Villa and Paco Fernandez gave programmes of Spanish Dancing. They were very well received at Scheveningen, but in Amsterdam they "brought the house down". The Queen attended one of Mariemma's performances also, with members of the court. Music was provided by Luzuriaga on the piano and Paco de la Isla on the guitar.

In one evening of ballet we saw Toumanova, Ethery Pagava, Genevieve Lespagnol, Claire Sombert, Guilio Perugini, Boris Trailine, Perrault and Oukhtomsky. This evening was not the success one might have expected. I found Toumanova mannered and did not like her Dying Swan. She danced her own choreography *Nuages Gris* (Chopin), *Manuela* (Ninkus) *La Joie* (Kreisler) and *Illusion* (Glazounow), but these again were disappointing.

In the pas-de-deux from *Don Quichotte* she danced with Perugini, and here she was seen to full advantage, dancing her best. Perugini made some very high jumps, *entre chats huits*, and triple *tours*.

Ethery Pagava has developed her technique since she danced Skibine's *Romeo and Juliet* last year. This year she was warmly applauded for her dancing of the less successful Lifar *Romeo and Juliet*. Claire Sombert danced some modern works of Yves Brieux, but was not helped by the partnering of Wladimir Oukhtomsky. She has been dancing only three years and can be expected to improve a lot on her present promise. Perrault was not at his best. Genevieve Lespagnol was best in a dance of Janine Charrat. **H. H. V.**

Tanaquil LeClercq and Nicholas Magallanes in Balanchine's La Valse *for New York City Ballet. This work, to Ravel music, was given last February.*

The next season opens on September 4 *and the novelties include Todd Bolender's* The Miraculous Mandarin *to Bartok music and a possible revival of Balanchine's* Apollo *for Eglevsky.*

(*Photo: Walter Owen*)

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New Books

25 years of American Dance (Published by Rudolf Orthwine, New York)

This book includes some of the most important articles and photographs that have appeared in *Dance Magazine* on activities in the U.S.A. It is a mixed bag and covers Ballet, Musical Comedy, Modern Dance, Films, and Dance Education. It is more of a review than a book of reference but gives some idea of how the dance has developed so rapidly across the Atlantic. It would have been a really useful work if it had an index. This omission merely makes it a glorified magazine. Every subject is touched-on too lightly for it to be the volume we all need.

Dances of Norway, Bulgaria, France (*vol. 2, Provence and Alsace*), *Germany*. (Max Parrish, 4/6 each).

Further additions to this series which, though rather sketchy, give a very good all-over picture of the hundreds of folk dances of the European peoples. Choreographers could find immense wealth of inspiration if they made a careful study of all these volumes. There is no end to the variations that could be applied to the classical vocabulary.

P. W.

The Spanish dancers, who will appear in Festival Hall, are seen doing the Ibo. This fierce war dance has survived from primitive times and is danced to the rhythm of drums and two half-notes, blown on a conch-shell.

EXPECT THESE

Lifar on Classical Ballet, by Serge Lifar (Allan Wingate, 21s.—late September).

Behind the Curtain, by Laurence Thompson (Ward Lock, approx. price 12/6, expected October).

The Art of the Dance in French Literature, by Deirdre Priddin. (A. & C. Black Ltd., probably 18/-, October).

The Diaghilev Ballet in London, by C. W. Beaumont. Third edition with added new introduction (A. & C. Black, 25/-, September).

A Seat at the Ballet, by Caryl Brahms (Evans Bros. Ltd., 12/6—mid-September).

BALLET FOR BEGINNERS

We much regret that, owing to lack of space, we have had to omit the usual story of a ballet. This will be resumed next month.

GLOSSARY

Preparations. Getting into position for the execution of certain steps or movements, such as the preparation for pirouettes. In the Cecchetti method consists of a *relevé* in fifth position, arms extended in first position, followed by a *degage* into second position *plie* before turning. The Russians omit the *relevé* and *dégagé* directly into second position. These are the preparations used by male dancers; girls generally *dégagé* into fourth position *plié* before turning.

Soubresaut. Straight spring up. A jump in fifth position with both legs tightly joined and the arms held in fifth position.

Temps Collé. Glued, soaring, hovering. A leap in the air with both legs tightly joined and the body slightly arched. The maximum effect is achieved when the dancer gives the impression of remaining in the air for a split second.

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Dame Ninette de Valois was a pupil of Maestro Cecchetti for five years; Madame Rambert studied with him for many years. Mary Skeaping and Peggy Van Praagh, Maîtresses de Ballet to the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet respectively.

Ursula Moreton and Ailne Phillips, principals of the Staff of the Sadler's Wells School, all owe much of their training to the Cecchetti Method as do the well known dancers and choreographers, Frederick Ashton, Molly Lake, Gerd Larson, Anthony Tudor, Harold Turner and Helen Wolska, to mention a few.

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* See also displayed advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

September

4 *Rake's Progress, Scenes de Ballet, Tiresias.*
5 *Les Sylphides, Scenes de Ballet, Daphnis and Chloe.*
6 *Rake's Progress, Ballet Imperial, Tiresias.*
7 *Les Sylphides, Daphnis and Chloe, Facade.*
8 (M) *Coppelia* (Nerina, Hart, Ashton, Grey).
(E) *Coppelia* (Shearer, Hart, Ashton, Grey, Lindsay).
10 *Checkmate, Symphonic Variations, Balabille.*
11 *Les Sylphides, Balabille, Tiresias.*
12 *Ballet Imperial, Daphnis and Chloe, Balabille.*
14 *Scenes de Ballet, Daphnis and Chloe, Balabille.*
15 (M) *Giselle* (Elvin, Rassine, Grey) *Facade.*
(E) *Ballet Imperial, Giselle,* (Shearer, Somes, Grey).
17 *Coppelia* (Nerina, Hart, Ashton, Grey, Lindsay).
18 *Coppelia* (Shearer, Rassine, Ashton, Grey, Lindsay).
19 *Ballet Imperial, Job, Balabille.*
20 *Ballet Imperial, Giselle* (Elvin, Rassine, Grey).
21 *Scenes de Ballet, Rake's Progress, Mam'zelle Angot.*
22 (M) &*iselle* (Elvin, Rassine, Grey) *Facade.*
(E) *Ballet Imperial, Job, Balabille.*
24 *Rake's Progress, Facade, Tiresias.*
25 *Les Sylphides, Mam'zelle Angot, Tiresias.*
26 *Giselle* (Shearer, Somes, Grey) *Facade.*
27 *Mam'zelle Angot, Scenes de Ballet, Daphnis and Chloe.*
28 *Scenes de Ballet, Giselle* (Shearer, Somes).
29 (M) *Scenes de Ballet, Giselle* (Elvin, Melville, Grey).
(E) *Balabille, Daphnis and Chloe, Ballet Imperial.*

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

September

1 (M) *Khadra, The Haunted Ballroom, Pineapple Poll.*
4 *Coppelia,* first performance. (Fifield, Blair, Poole).
6 *Coppelia* (Beriosova, Blair, Holden).
8 (M) *Coppelia* (Lane, Trecu, Poole).
11 *Khadra, Casse Noisette,* first performance new production. (Fifield, Blair, Beriosova), *Harequin in April.*
13 *Le Lac des Cygnes* Act 2, *The Haunted Ballroom, Pineapple Poll.*
15 (M) *Khadra, Harlequin in April, Casse Noisette* (Beriosova, Lunnon, Harrop).
(E) *Dido and Aeneas* (Opera) *Khadra, Casse Noisette* (Fifield, Blair, Beriosova).
17 *Coppelia,* (Fifield, Britton, Holden).
20 *Le Lac des Cygnes* Act 2, *Harlequin in April, Pineapple Poll.*
21 *Dido and Aeneas* (Opera), *Harlequin in April, Pineapple Poll.*
September 8, 12, 18 *Faust* (Opera) with ballet.

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

September

10 Alhambra, Bradford.
17 Theatre Royal, Nottingham. (two weeks).

October

1 Theatre Royal, Bolton.
15 King's Theatre, Southsea.
22 Pavilion, Bournemouth. (two weeks).

FESTIVAL BALLET

September

3 Davis Theatre, Croydon. (two weeks).
17 Hippodrome, Golders Green. (two weeks).

October

1 Alhambra, Glasgow. (two weeks).

RAMBERT BALLET

September

3 Guildhall Theatre, St. Ives.
10 Theatre Royal, Exeter.
17 Prince of Wales, Cardiff.
24 Empire Theatre, Belfast. (two weeks).

October

8 County Theatre, Cork.
15 King's Theatre, Hammersmith. (two weeks).

CONTINENTAL BALLET

September

3 Repertory Theatre, Colchester.
24 Theatre Royal, Rochdale.

BALLET WORKSHOP

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September

1 *La Boutique Fantasque* (Rossini-Respighi).
5 *Capriccio Italien* (Tschaikowsky).
6 *Daphnis and Chloe* second suite (Ravell).
8 *Theme and Variations* (Suite No. 3 in D) (Tschaikowsky), *Fete Polonaise* (Chabrier) (finale of *Bourree Fantasque*).
10 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Waltz) (Tschaikowsky).
11 *Nocturne*—Paris (Delius), *Sinfonia Concertante* (Mozart).
12 *Choreartium* (Symphony No. 4, Brahms).
15 *Prince Igor* Polovtsian Dances (Borodin).
17 *Francesca da Rimini* (Tschaikowsky).
2* *The Planets* (Holst).

YUGOSLAV NATIONAL BALLET AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, EDINBURGH

September

3, 4, 5 *The Legend of Ohrid.*
6, 7, 8 *The Ballet of a Mediæval Love.*

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September 3 to 15.

PAVINOFF BALLET

September

3 Theatre Royal, Bath.
10 Coliseum, Harrow.
17 Theatre Royal, Norwich.
24 New Theatre, Hull.

October

15 New Theatre Royal, Bournemouth.

STOP PRESS BALLET DATES

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Clubs

LONDON

Wimbledon Ballet Club. Sec.: Geoffrey Lance, 15 *Edge Hill Court, S.W.*19.

On June 11 Miss Letty Littlewood gave an interesting and enlightening talk on The Three Schools of Ballet—French, Italian and Russian.

On July 9 at The Studio, 61 Ridgway Place, S.W.19 after compering the Divertissements closing the Summer Series, Miss Letty Littlewood announced the talk to be given on September 10 to open the Winter Season, by Lisa-Gordon-Smith, entitled "Ballet from a critic's point of view".

London Ballet Circle. Sec.: Stanley W. Hawkins, 132 *Kensington Park Road, W.*11.

The weekly ballet classes held by The London Ballet Circle at their West Street Studio are now under the personal direction of Alex Martin, late of Sadler's Wells and the Metropolitan Ballet. Consuelo Carmona, the well-known Spanish dancer and teacher directs a Spanish class on Friday Evenings.

On Sunday September 16, Violetta Elvin will talk on the ballet in Soviet Russia. Commencing September 25. the Circle will present the first of a series of film shows at the Caxton Hall. The programmes will consist of new and unusual films on ballet, painting and music. Details of membership may be obtained from Stanley W. Hawkins Esq.

First programme will include *Mephisto Valse* starring Ludmilla Tcherina, directed by Serge Lifar and a Soviet film *Bayerderka.*

NEWCASTLE

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Ballet Club. Sec.: Miss W. Patterson, Benwell Grange, Newcastle 5.

Mrs. M. Bennitt, Secretary of the Club and Editor of the admirable news-letter, of which the club is rightly proud, has now moved to London and has been compelled to resign from these offices. Her work will be taken over by the new Secretary Miss Patterson, and by Dr. Dixon, who will become editor of the news-letter. Former members now in London will be able to contact Mrs. Bennitt at SPEedwell 1404 from the middle of August.

A new practice room is now available, thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Dixon Scott. A large playroom in her home at 27 Graham Park Road will be turned over to the club whenever arrangements for classes can be made. Miss Chaytor will give classes and it is hoped that other dancing teachers will also offer their services on rota.

LEWISHAM

Lewisham Ballet Theatre Club. Sec. : Margaret S. Childs, 47 *Allenswood Road, Eltham, S.E.*9.

An entirely new venture for the forthcoming season is the formation of a Male Ballet Class under the direction of Mr. Andrew Hardie, which will be held at the Brownhill Road School, Catford, every Friday evening at 7.30. The first class took place on September 21. Both beginners and experienced dancers will be welcomed with a view to taking part in the annual Evening of Ballet to take place in March.

A busy season is planned with the advanced class dancing the ballet in a local musical comedy production and members of all classes taking part in a Revue arranged by the local Arts Council for the Road Safety campaign. New dancing, or non-dancing members are welcome.

CLUB ADDRESSES

Hampstead Ballet Club. Beryl Paul, 70 *Heath Street, Hampstead, London, N.W.*3.
*New Hampstead Dance Group. Mrs. M. Paine, St. Andrew's Church, Malden Road, London, N.W.*5.
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Other addresses have appeared in previous issues.

Ballet Correspondents

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; l.s. languages; p.r. photograph requested.)

DOREEN WILLIAMSON, 309, Cheetham Hill Road, Dukinfield, Cheshire, wants b.c.; m. age 17-24 in U.S.A., New Zealand and Europe; m.a. 21; o.i. theatre, books, films, swimming; p.r. all answered.

JOYCE ATKINS, 18, Teevan Road, Addiscombe Croydon, Surrey, wants b.c.; m. age 18-21 in America, Australia, Switzerland; m.a. 18; o.i. music and sport; all answered.

PAMELA STONEHOUSE, 6, Milton Road, Queniborough, Leicester, wants b.c.; m. or f. age 15-20 in S. Africa, America and Australia; m.a. 16; o.i. swimming, reading, foreign stamps; p.r.

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PHYLLIS BROWN (Nurse), Auchill Hospital, Bilsland Drive, Glasgow, wants b.c.; m. or f. age over 21 in London; m.a. 20; o.i. music, reading, theatre.

JEAN STEWART regrets that she is unable to answer all letters received.

PETER BARRINGTON, 99a Southill Park, London, N.W.3 wants b.c., m. age under 30 in London. m.a. 23. o.i. theatre, music, art, literature, Siamese cats, p.r. all answered.

BETTY FERGUSON, Jacobstown, Gore, Southland, New Zealand wants b.c., m. or f. age 15-20 anywhere. m.a. 16, o.i. films, photography, animals, tap and ballroom dancing.

JOAN MARGARET BROWN, 15 J, Residency Road, Bangalore, S. India, wants b.c., m. or f. age over 24 in any part of the world. m.s. 24. o.i. reading, dramatics, play and story writing, films, music, l's. English p.r.

GILLIAN WILKINS, 13 Downs Cote View, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, 9 wants b.c., m. or f. age 16-19 in South America, and South Africa. m.a. 16. o.i. films, foreign travel, swimming, photography. l's. English p.r.

MARGARET WOOD, 10 Clarence Road, Wallington, Surrey wants b.c., m. or f. any age, anywhere. m.a. 25. o.i. music, books, horse-riding, ballroom dancing. All letters answered.

ALISON NASH, 113 Plains Avenue, Maidstone wants b.c. learners of ballet, f. age 16-18, in England and all over the world. m.a. 17, o.i. music, theatre, p.r. all answered.

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FELICITY MANTLE, 36 Fitzgeorge Avenue, London, W.14. wants b.c., m. or f. age 17-20 in London, France, Germany, Spain. o.i. theatre, music, tennis. l's. English, French, matric Spanish, German.

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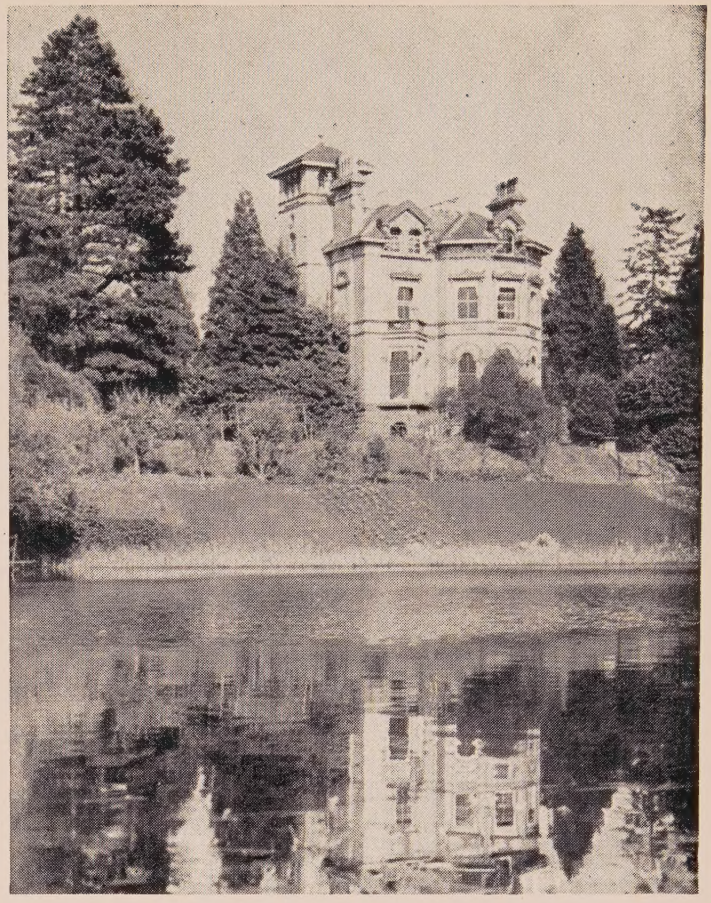

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